SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
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SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1832.

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"REPORTS OF THE COMMITTEE."

We, as "lookers-on," cannot but be amused at the excitement which has been occasioned in New-York by the Reports of the Bank Committee. The opposers of this institution are all alive to the misrule and "unchartered transactions" of the Directors: the friends clapping their hands at the vindication and "unanswerable refutation" of the "Minority." Poor old human nature is sadly tried; and we, emerging from the gay recitals of the Sporting World, are all aghast to view our contemporaries at loggerheads—battling this "wordy war" with the zeal of Crusaders and the eloquence of Troubadours. It seems to be not exactly a race—nor a chace—nor yet a hunting scene among these political conservators—but rather comes under our head of "Angling,"—and since 'tis the only fishing we do not practice ourselves, we know little of it, and can only say to our brethren- you may have this sport all to yourselves; we neither envy you, nor molest you, and "passing strange" as you may think it, we prefer angling for Trout to all the *nibbles*,—yea *real bites* that you will find in this "ocean of contention." Yet philosophy herself would fail to expound the jarring interests that so master the intellects of her professed votaries. A "mixture of sensations" we cannot scan, seem scudding through the brains of these gallant knights of the quill. Some seem prone to uphold the Bank, yet down with the lucky editors whose credit may have obtained a loan. Others again defend the editors—yet must refuse a charter. Some say she is too large for ordinary banking operations. Others too much foreign capital is concerned. While there are yet others who d—n the Bank, the Editors, Charter and all.

Now we like Banks,—we are surrounded with them: from our very windows we can count a dozen, and we assure our readers these poor Banks are not as "bad as they are cracked up to be." But confounded be our senses, if we believe *Editors* could put their lean, hungry fingers on a cent in their vaults, without a backer better yet! have to shew the Bank itself. If we thought "the profession" was in credit with these "*good Messrs. Highwaymen*," we should give them such a puff, that gratitude alone would soften the reported flintiness of their hearts, and thenceforward we should make *Life in New-York* the very beau ideal of hospitality and all excellence.

SPORTING.

As a "sport" the following *John Bullism* exceeds anything we have met with for some time. Whenever our countrymen are driven to such contests for amusement, we shall yield up our editorship and retire to New Holland, establish "the Cannibal"—exhibit "scenes of real life"—and furnish recitals of the fashionable mode of getting up and luxuriating at a cannibal dinner.

Disgraceful Sport.—Last week a number of silk-dyers of Middleton, persuaded a man named Pooly to attempt to worry six rats in ten minutes, and Saturday evening last was the time appointed for him to perform his task. Before he commenced operations, he drank nearly a pint of rum.—A rat weighing nearly two pounds, was first placed on the table, with a string tied to its leg.—Though Pooly had his hands tied on his back, he worried the first four rats in three minutes and ten seconds. He then began to be sick on account of the blood he lost, through the bites he received from the rats—and eight minutes and forty-five seconds were occupied in worrying the two last. The rats were very large ones, one of them weighing two pounds and a quarter.

Rules for Young Maids—*At fifteen*.—Affect vivacity, and line your bonnets with pink. If in company with the man you like for a husband, hold your breath long enough to blush when he speaks to you, and incline your eye downwards in giving an answer. Be cautious at this age to wear your gowns made high in the neck, and your charms may be conceived greater.—*At Sixteen*.—Seem to have a high spirit, with the most unbounded submission to the opinion of the favored one. You may now look, when in conversation, in the gentleman's face, but be cautious that the eyebrows are kept well arched. Affect a great liking for little babies, and get the credit of being a good nurse. *At seventeen*.—Read the news of literature, fashion, and form your opinion of the follies of the day upon its model. Condemn play-going women, and talk of the happiness of retirement, and domestic life. Simper "nimmy pimmy," to put your lips in a pretty shape, and kiss children voluptuously before gentlemen, so set them a longing. Wear low frocks, but not show off too much. *At eighteen*.—Look out for a husband for yourself, and practise making baby linen for a married friend. Read "Cookery made easy," and "Little's Poems," in secret. *At nineteen*.—Go to routs and parties, but avoid general flirting. Dress fashionably, but with great decency. Wear no flowers in the hair, but let the curls be displayed widely. *At twenty*—Consider yourself in some danger of not getting a husband, and suit your conduct to your circumstances. *At twenty-one*—Affect every thing—and marry any body. *At twenty-two*—Try the watering places. *At twenty-three*.—Go to Cheltenham, and look out for the old East Indians. We have done! You cease to be a Young Maid at twenty!—*From an English periodical.*

The National Debt.—The editors of the Liverpool Mercury have computed that the sum of the national debt, considerably exceeds the amount of one dollar per minute, ever since the creation of the world, reckoning the date as given in the Bible, and the dollar at five shillings sterling. They may well "stagger" under the load! Fifteen pounds an hour, day and night, since Adam and Eve were in Paradise!

Miss F. Kemble will not receive less than £800 for her play of Francis I. She had £100 from Murray for the copyright, and she obtains from the theatre one-third of £100 every night it is performed, so that 12 nights will give her £100 more—it has already been acted ten times.

SENATOR EWING.

Mr. Ewing is a man over 40—well, and firmly built—of about six feet, and a goodly size. His private life is interesting as demonstrating with a thousand other examples the peculiar excellence of our institutions in opening the faculties of the mind, and in encouraging the poor boy to consider no honorable elevation beyond his reach. He is the son of a poor tavern-keeper, somewhere between Lancaster and Chillicothe—did the honor of the stable—acted the part of the ostler and the servant for many years till, by and by, feeling himself made for something else, he determined upon having a collegiate education. Nothing is impossible to him who is resolved. He left home and started for the salt works by the Kanhawa, and chopped wood for money, doing as much in one day as many men did in three. Thus he was able to lay up funds to fit him for, and to support himself in college. He continued alternately chopping and studying till his collegiate education was finished. Then that subsequent prosperity which talent and industry always give to their worshippers—and now you see him, his first term in the U. S. Senate, taking a stand among the first, and laying the foundation of a reputation which, by and by, will rank among our illustrious men—who—no matter to what party they belong when truly illustrious and upright, are common property of their whole country—the jewels of our republic that are sparkling in her capitol.

How instructive is such a life as that of Mr. Ewing—and yet how many can tell near the same story? Does *he* feel ashamed of it? I think not, for there is no truly great man who would not rejoice that his own arm had taken him from obscurity and put him side by side with the great men of his country.—Small minds feel ashamed of such things. Great minds rejoice ro relate them—are proud of them, and bequeath them to their children as their exploits, as famous as those of the hurelled chieftain. *Portland Adv.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

Mike Andrews, as he was familiarly called, though an old hunter, of no small pretensions to boldness and hardihood, in pursuit of the wild game that formerly abounded in the extensive forests within the limits of what is now the state of New York, was, on one occasion, rather disconcerted by the abrupt appearance of a large black bear, at a distance of some two or three hundred yards from him. At this early period, bears and wolves were but little accustomed to the intrusions of man, and of consequence seldom evinced any terror at the sight, but rather seemed to consider him as a proper object of prey. This known fact, at that time had its full effect on the [illegible] Mike, [illegible] will sometimes human the most courageous. No sooner had he taken cognizance of his boarship approaching at full speed, than a natural desire of self preservation induced him to ground arms, and endeavor to save himself by ascending a small tree, forgetting, in the perturbation of the moment, that this would be no security against the expected attack from his adversary. The bear, however, either did not see him, or had some other object in pursuit, for, with undiminished speed, he passed Mike at a considerable distance to the windward. Our hunter judged it now safe to alight from the tree; but instead of his supposed locality above the first branch, he found himself tenaciously hugging the body of the tree near the root, and himself seated on the ground, with his legs and arms affectionately clasping around it. His fear had caused him to suppose he was where he wished to be. Mike used to amuse himself with relating the circumstance, not abating any part of the story that was calculated to excite mirth.

At another time, four or five years subsequently, Mike was sedulously engaged in making shingles, near Carr's Creek, about four miles from the little settlement where he lived. The narrow path that he had cut through the woods, for travelling to and from his work, was very solitary—not a hut or clearing was to be seen within many miles of it. It was his custom to carry with him a wallet of provisions, and remain at his solitary labor for a whole week, without going home at nights—lying down by his fire rolled up in his blanket when he slept. While pursuing his occupation, after having remained at it for a number of weeks unmolested, he descried a "strange sail" in the shape of a large wolf. Mike was well acquainted with the habits of these creatures, and that of sending one of their gang to reconnoitre for their prey. Rightly judging himself safe from harm of this single wolf, in case of his own inoffensiveness, he instantly threw himself on the ground, and covered himself partly with chips and shavings, then passively awaited the approach of his neighbor the wolf; who, having minutely examined the locality of the man, and the situation of all things about, he appeared perfectly satisfied, and quietly took his leave, retiring at a leisurely trot, and was soon out of sight. Mike, having passed himself on the wolf for an inanimate prey, now briskly set about securing himself against an expected invasion from the whole party to which this wolf belonged, resolving, if possible, to disappoint their appetites. He cut down a small sapling, cutting off the limbs about a foot from the body—this served the purpose of a ladder, by which he ascended a large tree that stood near. After gaining the first branches, he drew up the ladder after him, and dexterously managed to cast it from him so that it fell on the ground at a considerable distance from the tree he was on; he then, having ascended high into the tree, to screen himself from observation as well as immediate harm, silently awaited the result of his stratagem. It was not long ere he perceived the approach of his hungry foes, six in number, led on by one, probably the same that had reconnoitred the ground. They rushed to the place where Andrews had lain, and examined all the premises—smelt his tracks on the sapling, pawed over the shavings, and finding nothing to assuage their hunger, except the small residue of Mike's provisions, evident symptoms of rage and disaffection to the wolf who had so boldly marshalled them forward began to be manifest, till at last they darted with as much ferocity and fury as so many fiends might evince on their hapless leader, who, during the last few moments, had sneaked off into the bushes, and soon punished him with death for having deceived them. They set up a most horrific and dismal howl, and sullenly left the place and their dead companion mangled and torn. By this our friend Mike saw the fate his invention and activity had averted. Had he adopted any other plan his death would have been certain. A light fall of snow had prevented his former footsteps being traced either to or from the place, and hence these creatures seemed to know that their expected repast had not been prevented by his escape from the place. As soon as the wolves had gone, Mike shouldered his few movables and made his escape towards home, not again venturing into the depths of the forest without some means of defence.—*Pittsburgh Mer.*

RAB, SHAB, RORUM.

Mr. C——, a son of the granite state, now no more, was distinguished as a writer of taste and elegance. When conducting the editorial department of a paper of high literary standing in the city of New-York, he prepared with great care a theatrical criticism for publication, in which he took occasion to analyze the character of Shakspeare's Hamlet. He finished it in his best style, laid it on the desk, and left the room. Meanwhile his intimate friend, Mr. N——, who was something of a wag withal, came in; and after having examined the ill-fated manuscript, erased the concluding phrase, and inserted instead three *cabalistic* words: and never did a wizard's formula produce a more potent effect.

The copy was afterward given to a boy, who proceeded forthwith to put it in type, and in due time a proof sheet was handed to Mr. C. for correction, who unfortunately possessed a large share of sensibility, and was particularly irritable when his writings were concerned. He looked over the article with a smile of self-complacency until he came to the last paragraph. He had been enlarging on the amiable disposition of Hamlet in the midst of misfortunes which were not occasioned by his own crimes, but by the crimes of others, which changed the direction of his principles of action, cast a sombre shade over his character, and gave him a disgust to the world. The concluding sentence was intended to be somewhat like the following:—

"His murdered father leaves the world of spirits, appears at midnight before him, awakens all his soul to agony. Yet amid the gloom which surrounds him, we see benevolence and magnanimity, still directing his steps:

'He was a man more sinned against than sinning.'

No person possessing a particle of sensibility can read the story of the youthful Dane without shedding the tear of pity for his misfortunes, and inwardly, exclaiming, "*Alas! poor human nature!*"

But his astonishment and wrath can hardly be conceived, when he found instead of the sentence in Italics, the paragraph so altered that it read as follows:—"No man possessing a particle of sensibility, can read the story of the youthful Dane without shedding the tear of pity for his misfortunes, and inwardly exclaiming, Rab, Shab, Rorum!"

"*Rab, Shab, Rorum?*" shouted the indignant writer; and every nerve in *his* frame trembled with agony. "Rab, Shab, Rorum! What tasteless scoundrel has thus been ridiculing my criticism?"

The printer's boy was summoned before him.

"Did you set this infernal phrase, you rascal?"

"What phrase, sir?" said the trembling imp.

"Rab, Shab, Rorum, you blockhead!" thundered out the editor.

"Yes, sir."

"And what demon whispered you to do it?"

"It was in the *copy*, sir."

"In the copy? *Rab, Shab, Rorum* in the copy? It is a lie—a vile and abominable lie! There was no such thing in the copy, Rab, Shab, Rorum!"

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For years afterwards, Rab, Shab, Rorum, induced poor C. like some malignant fiend. Frequently at the social board, when led away by the enthusiasm of the moment, C. was expatiating on some literary subject, H. would indulge his mischievous propensity, and silence him for the evening, by shaking his finger significantly and whispering Rab, Shab, Rorum!

THE FAIR PENITENT.

It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the richly painted windows of the Abbey, and threw a "dim religious light" upon the marble floor beneath, and the fretted pillars that rose on all sides. A young female, dressed in virgin white, advanced up the aisle, with slow and irregular steps, her eyes timidly bent upon the ground, and her lovely locks half-shading a countenance in which health and innocence seemed to vie with each other, which should add most beauty to features, the form of which were beauty itself.

She stopped for a moment as she reached the open portal of the chapel that formed a recess on one side of the aisle, and then turned into the recess, entered a Confessional, and fell upon her knees.

What "ignorant sin" could this sweet one have committed, that required absolution at the hands of her holy father confessor? We shall see.

Having first pronounced her accustomed prayer with a timid voice, she seemed to gain confidence by this act, and proceeded to relate, first, her little acts of contumacy towards her school-mistress, (for, although bordering on womanhood, she had not yet left the Convent School,) then her little sins of actual commission; reserving the gravest to the last. At length, though she had evidently not concluded her confession, she made a full stop, as if reluctant to proceed farther.

'Come daughter,' exclaimed the good priest, 'proceed; you must not permit a false pride or delicacy to deter you from that full confession without which, absolution were vain. What more?'

'I am afraid to tell you, good father.'

The priest said something to encourage her: but the pretty penitent still hesitated; and as she covered her whole face with her two hands, as if ashamed to have it seen, the tears made their way between her pretty fingers.

'Come—come,' said the holy father, 'this must not be. I must interrogate you. What is it that thus troubles you? Have you done any thing to injure or offend your good parents?'

'Worse, father.'

'Have you been reading in wicked books?'

'I've not been reading at all, father.'

'Did you play or laugh, last Sunday, during service?'

'A great deal worse, father.'

The good priest began seriously to be alarmed; yet he did not know how to frame his questions so as to avoid suggestions, which, (if he should prove wrong in his suspicions,) might render the remedy more mischievous than the disease.

At last the young beauty, as if by desperate effort, relieved him from his embarrassment.—'Father,' said she, with a trembling and half-suppressed voice, 'I will tell you all if Heaven will give me strength to speak. But, pray be indulgent, good father. It was the first time—and I'm sure I never thought that so much harm would come of it. Besides, it was not all my own fault—it was partly *his*. And he is so very handsome too.'—[The good priest trembled.] 'And so fond of me—he used to follow me about wherever I went—he seemed to think and care about nobody but me.'—[She paused a moment,—then continued.]—'Well, father, one night, after I had retired to rest. I—would you believe it?—I found him in my chamber.'—[The holy father groaned aloud.]—'I never could tell how he got there—for I shut the door after me, and fastened it carefully, as I always do.'

'Well,' exclaimed the confessor, in an anxious tone, 'what more?'

'Oh, father! the worst is to come. That night, in particular—it was last Thursday, father—he looked so very handsome, and seemed so very fond of me—and—then—in short—'

'But, exclaimed the pious priest, with a sudden show of indignation, 'did your mother never warn you of the terrible danger of such conduct? Did she never tell you the fatal consequences of—'

'No, father,' (interrupted the terrified penitent,) 'she never told me there was any thing wrong in being fond of such a very beautiful cat—and—'

'A *cat*?—was it a cat?'

'Yes, father; a large beautiful Angola, that I was so wicked as to steal from the pastry-cook's opposite where we live, and have kept him concealed in my room ever since.'

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, te absolvo, said the good priest: and never did he pronounce the words with a more full and gratified feeling of pious satisfaction.

PIGS.

Addressed to those "about to leave Business!"

Miserable are those thrifty traders, who having crammed their bags 'even to bursting' with gold and bank paper, shut up shop, and endeavor gradually to accustom themselves to the sight of green turf ere they are called upon to sleep under it. Mr. Pettitoes was one of these unhappy beings. He had, in his day, shed oceans of pig's blood, and had grown immensely rich by the sanguinary employment. One day, however, his evil genius whispered, 'Pettitoes, sell your business, and go live at your ease in the country.' We much doubt whether the suggestion of the genius would have of itself prevailed, had it not been most opportunely backed by the whirling-by of the handsome carriage of Mr. Figdust, late grocer of Oxford street, but then Cincinnatus of Batter-ea Rise. Enough: Pettitoes 'sold his business'—beheld him in the country.

Pettitoes had a fine family—three daughters, born, it would seem, with a mortal hatred of pigs—a splendid house, gardens beautifully laid out, graperies, pineries, arable land, peacocks strutting on the lawn, and golden pheasants glittering in the wide preserves. To these delights may be added *The Morning Advertiser* every day; and had he deigned to consult them, the twenty new novels (subscribed for by the young ladies,) every week. What greater delight could fall to the fate of a retired pork-butcher, tainted with a touch of the romantic? And yet, after a time, Mr. Pettitoes lost his customary suavity, became careless of his attire, of gentlemanly cut, and once or twice struck his family with consternation, by handling, in an absent and mysterious manner, his father's ivory-hafted killing-knife, religiously preserved by his pious son. Mrs. Pettitoes and her daughters—unanimous for once—declared that Mr. Pettitoes 'was not at ease.—What could be the matter with him?'

Unreflecting souls—they had their new novels, the last new songs of the butterflies, lectures on chemistry, and the Egyptian hieroglyphics, to occupy their minds—but not so Mr. Pettitoes; he, indeed, in the eloquent language of his sympathising family, 'was not at ease.' Could they have entered into his mind, they would have seen how grotesquely were reflected there all the beauties of surrounding nature. To his mental vision, every oak, beech, or elm, seemed to take the shape of a huge mass of hog's meat—every bed of turf, a hedge of hornbeam was but a Brobdingnag loin—the row of poplars so many gigantic skewers—Sylph, the Italian greyhound, had bristles to his back, and the peacocks did not scream, but grunt. Gentle reader, let not this description of our hero's mind appear forced and extravagant. It is the common malady of the retired trader to assimilate the objects of rustic life to the things of his former and happier state. As the sailor beholds green meadows in the salt seas, and hears the bleating of the sheep; so does the retired tea-dealer or pawnbroker (we, of course, mean those with whom books are naught,) clothe the fields and hedges with lyson and souchong and see the three balls, glistening like Virgil's golden branch, from every tree. Could they write their confessions, what drolleries would they not give us—what hackney-coaches running in the milky way—what skylarks singing the twopenny postmen's bells—what Naiads and Hemadryads frisking it in comely whitey-brown aprons and elbow sleeves. Thus it was with Mr. Pettitoes: all his dreams, his waking feelings, ran on pigs; it was in vain that he tried to divert his mind by reading. He sent for 'Hogg's Tales,' but was disgusted and disappointed. Shakspeare was only saved from his contempt by two lines—'Where hast been, sister?'—'Killing swine!' Oh, acutely wretched is that golden wretch, who, dragged by Plutus from the joyous town, creeps over fields and adown hedges, twisting buds and flowers into numerals and £. s. d. The glorious sun is to him but a bright new shilling, and when he gazes at the moon, he reads there, 'Georgius IV., Dei Gratia Rex!'

Our friend Pettitoes wrestled with circumstances, but it was in vain; he succumbed to the ruling passion, and, like a true philosopher, it was observed that he displayed a greater serenity of mind, when it was evident that he knew the worst. His family wondered at his composure; they were still more astonished when they discovered its cause; for, it is a curious fact—a fact well worthy of the attention of those 'about to retire from business'—that from the moment Pettitoes had resolved once more to keep pigs, from that moment he became more civilized and companionable. Great, however, was the terror of the wife and daughters, when they discovered that, to receive the purchased pigs in due state, it had been deemed necessary by Mr. Pettitoes to demolish a magnificent green-house. The fucias, the geraniums, the ranunculuses, gave way to boars and farrow sows, with long-tailed pigs, short-tailed pigs, pigs with cripsy tails, and pigs minus decoration. Mrs. Pettitoes was astounded—the young ladies vehemently remonstrated—Pettitoes, however, flew from domestic strife, and solaced himself at the pig's sty. There, at all times, might he be seen, his eye gliding up and down some plethoric porker, as though, in his mind's vision, he was cutting up the breathing animals into hands, legs, loins, and chops. Had Pettitoes been transformed by Circe, he would have surely wept when set again upon his two legs. In order, as he thought, to modify the ire of his wife and daughters, our tradesman christened his grunting family after the heroes and heroines of modern poems, novels, and songs. There might be seen, located in various styes, 'Pelham,' and 'Eugene Aram,' the 'Lost Heir,' and the 'Man of Refinement.' 'Satan' was a great boar, and 'Alice Gray' had a farrow of thirteen. This desecration of all that the female Pettitoes held beautiful, only served to whet their disgust at pork, and to send Mr. Pettitoes from his carpeted room, hung round with genuine Morlands, to obtain tranquillity and enjoyment at the piggery. For some time was our tradesman satisfied with looking at the objects of his affection; it was enough for him to see the backs of his darlings widen, and the legs to become massive with the best of fat. At length, however, he felt his native thirst for blood, and it was observed that, after a time, he never visited the piggery without fumbling about at his knife. It was in vain—he gave himself up to fate—he would take his old shop. He *did* take it, paying the tenant an immense premium to go out. When Pettitoes' wife and daughters learnt his resolution, they fainted; it is said, that for three days horrible shrieks were heard in the neighbourhood. Fortunately, however, for the gentle sex, 'a woman,' as Mad. de Warens might have said, 'who screams is not dead.' Pettitoes was not called upon to go in sables. The ladies, of course, did not accompany Pettitoes to town—no, they kept the country-house, and lived with their fitting companions, the peacocks, and the golden pheasants.

Pettitoes re-opened his shop: the day he again appeared in public his face had a fresher glow—his steel glittered in the morning sun—his apron and his sleeves never looked so blue. In fact, he appeared more than a vulgar butcher—there was a certain regimental air about him; indeed, it might have been said about him, as of a great general, he looked 'butcher to the king.'

By degrees the piggery at Battersea Rise was cleared of its inhabitants. A large part of 'Childe Harold' was minced into sausages—'Eugene Aram' was once more anatomised for the benefit of the public—the family of 'Alice Gray' went at from seven to ten shillings each—'Satan' was drained into black puddings, and the 'Undying One,' hung for two days with a gush from ear to ear.

Of course the family never deigned to visit Pettitoes at the shop. Too proud, however, was the husband and the father, if his wife and daughters, at their country residence, would suffer him to send them down a joint of pork. They had their novels, their harps, and their auricalas—but Pettitoes was again in business; he had his apron, his knife, and his pigs.

TROUT TICKLING.

'Knieving trouts' (they call it tickling in England,) is good sport. You go to a stony shallow at night, a companion bearing a torch; then, stripping to the thighs and shoulders, wade in; grope with your hands under the stones, sods, and other harborage till you find your game, then grip him in your 'knieve,' and toss him ashore. I remember, when a boy, carrying the splits for a servant of the family, called Sam Wham.—Now Sam was an able young fellow, well-boned and willing; a hard-headed cudgel-player, and a marvellous tough wrestler, for he had a backbone like a sea-serpent: this gave him the name of the Twister and Twiner. He had got into the river, and, with his back to me, was stooping over a broad stone, when something bolted from under the bank on which I stood right through his legs. Sam fell with a great splash upon his face, but in falling jammed whatever it was against the stone. 'Let go, Twister,' shouted I, 'tis an otter, he will nip a finger off you.' 'Whist,' sputtered he, as he slid his hand under the water;

May I never read a text again, if he isna a sawmont wi' a shoother like a hog!' 'Grip him by the gills, Twister,' cried I. 'Saul will I!' cried the Twiner; but just then there was a heave, a roll, a splash, a snap like a pistol-shot; down went Sam, and up went the salmon, spun like a shilling at pitch and toss, six feet into the air. I leaped in just as he came to the water; but my foot caught between two stones, and the more I pulled the firmer it stuck. The fish fell in a spot shallower than that from which he had leaped. Sam saw the chance, and tackled to again; while I, sitting down in the stream as best I might, held up my torch, and cried fair play, as shoulder to shoulder, throughout and about, up and down, roll and tumble, to it they went, Sam and the salmon. The Twister never was so twined before. Yet, through cross-buttocks and capsizes innumerable, he still held on; now hauled through a pool; now hauling up a bank; now heels over head; now head over heels; now head and heels together; doubled up in a corner; but, at last, stretched fairly on his back, and foaming for rage and disappointment; while the victorious salmon, slapping the stones with his tail, and whirling the spray from his shoulders at every roll, came boring and snorting up the ford. I tugged and strained to no purpose; he flashed by me with a snort, and slid into the deep water. Sam now staggered forward with battered bones and peeled elbows, blowing like a grampus, and cursing like nothing but himself. He extricated me, and we limped home. Neither rose for a week; for I had a dislocated ankle, and the Twister was troubled with a broken rib. Poor Sam! he had his brains discovered at last by a poker in a row, and was worm's meat within three months; yet, ere he died, he had the satisfaction of feasting on his old antagonist, who was man's meat next morning. They caught him in a net. Sam knew him by the twist in his tail.—*Hogg.*

SALMON FISHING.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London:

Sir—Should you deem the following remarks upon Salmon Fishing of sufficient interest to merit a place in your widely circulated paper, some of the younger hands may possibly derive a little information from your politeness.

You will allow me to premise that all I shall write is the result of actual experience, gained by fishing in many of the most celebrated salmon rivers in Ireland and Scotland—the Erne, the Awe, the Spey, &c. &c. and also by conversing with the fishers near their banks. These few hints may claim, to the best of my belief, the merit of originality; at least they have not appeared in any publication on fly-fishing that I have seen.

The finest salmon fishing I ever enjoyed was on the western coast of Ireland, in the river flowing from Lough Corrib into the sea at Galway, in the May at Ballina, and more particularly in the Erne at Ballyshannon, the Esk above Donegal, and the smallest river in the north-west of the county Donegal. Near the banks of the small river Eenie, I heard a story related of two London gentlemen, who had obtained leave to fish in it. Most of the above rivers are farmed and preserved, but a stranger will always obtain permission to throw a fly in every Irish river I am acquainted with. The above mentioned "gentlemen" had served their apprenticeship, as fishers at least, on the banks of the Lea, in the vicinity of Hackney and Homerton; one as an angler for barbel, the other as a whipper for bleaks. They commenced fishing one fine day in April, when the fish were about to descend with their fry to the sea, and the barbel hero, using large flies, contrived to land two "spent fish," as long as eels, which he, thinking them in high season, sent, with his very best compliments, to the proprietor of the fishery. His friend, in the mean time, took upwards of 20 lbs. of trout, as he thought; but, according to the natives, "fry," of which he reserved an ample sufficiency for his own table, and the remainder were forwarded with the salmon (in all probability their unfortunate parents) to the same proprietor. I obtained a description of these "lovers of the angle;" the hero of the salmon is a long, round-shouldered fellow: he fished with a cane rod as stiff as a poker, a multiplying reel, and carried a hook as large as a family bible, well stored with the very best Crooked lane salmon flies. The fry hero is a little pot-bellied chap, and fished with a rod ten feet long, in seven pieces, a multiplying reel, with a very fine tapering line. Moreover, I was informed he had no dislike to a drop of the "cratur." N. B. Both these originals wore water-proof boots. They may be seen every Sunday or holiday on the banks of the Lea. They are uncommonly like Popjoy and his friend, who figured in Cruikshank's caricature in your paper, some three years ago.

I will now give you a description of the apparatus with which a salmon fisher should be provided. A rod from 18 to 20 feet long, in three pieces, spliced at the upper joint, or, if the fisher does not mind a little trouble, at both. Kelly, of Dublin, makes by much the best rods I have seen. A winch, containing from 80 to 100 yards of line. It is almost needless to observe that a multiplying reel is quite out of the question for salmon fishing, and extremely inconvenient for trout if they exceed a quarter of a pound in weight, as any one may easily convince himself by tying a horse-hair to the line of a multiplier, and breaking it by winding in. The Irish check-reels are the best, but the London silk and hair lines far excel the Irish. This is the only article in fishing in which we are not cut out by the artists of Dublin and Limerick. The extremity of the line should be thick, as a rapid taper can be given to the casting line, which will contribute to the throwing of a much better line. This may taper from six strong guts down to three fine ones; indeed, the lower extremity may be of strong single salmon gut, if the water be fine and the fish not very large. The best general color for salmon flies is red and blue. The following is a description of one I have found very killing: body made of hog's down if a large fly, mohair if a small one; deep blood red four parts, dark golden olive three parts, deep blue two, and golden-yellow one part; a golden pheasant's top-knot for the tail, a cock's hackle dyed a deep blood red for legs, and a mallard's feather (brown golden pheasant, peacock's wing, or monkey's tail, mixed together, with two long strips from a macaco's tail, for wings. If the water be high and thick, gold twist or tinsel will render the fly more conspicuous and attractive.

An Old Salmon Fisher.

Sunday Fishing.—A good Deacon, in the land of steady habits, who piously eschewed all worldly labor and recreation on the sabbath, one Sunday morning, having totally forgotten the day of the week, went out early a fishing for trout. He had glorious luck, and brought home a fine string of speckled backs as ever graced a frying-pan.

"I've had a fine time of it this morning," said he joyfully, as he entered his house—"the trout bit like the nation."

"But, deacon," said his wife, "didn't you know 'twas Sunday?"

"How! what! Sunday!" exclaimed the good man, suddenly changing his smiling countenance into one of horror—"is it indeed Sunday?"

"It is indeed the Sabbath," returned his wife.

"Well, I'd no idea of it—not the least," said the Deacon, "or else I shouldn't have catched all this string of fish. But there's one thing I know, I won't have 'em cooked."

Thus saying, the Deacon devoutly threw them to the hogs; and thus eased his conscience for having caught them on a Sunday morning.—*Con.*

From the British Magazine.

HYDROPHOBIA ANECDOTES.

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."—Goldsmith.

A Quaker's religious scruples prohibit him from raising his arm of flesh on any occasion; but willing to punish an unruly cur for some mischievous, he said, 'I will not hurt a hair of thy tail, Pompey, but I shall give thee a bad name;' and forthwith he shouted out 'mad dog!—mad dog!' Pompey fled for his life in vain; he was pursued by the whole village, and soon got his quietus under a heap of stones.

Such lately has been the fate of many a harmless dog, in and about London, flying for their lives on the war-cry of 'mad dog!' being shouted; it is not surprising, when overtaken or intercepted, and battered to pieces, that they should defend themselves with desperation, and so give occasion for newspaper paragraphs to report the 'alarming fact' of some unfortunate person being bit by rapid dogs, and sent to such and such a hospital.

Two young women, sisters, in middling circumstances, lived together in the city of Waterford. They had a dog, of which they were very fond, and the animal was also attached to them. At last he disappeared for some days; but one morning, to their great joy, they found he had returned,

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1842.

☞ Subscriptions, for this paper, received by Messrs. PEABODY & Co. No. 213 Broadway.

The past has been a gay week. Amid the round of amusements, racing has been predominant, and since we are not endowed with ubiquity, we have been compelled to devote most of our time, in gathering scenes of Life in New-York, to the Sports on the Course. Richly have we been repaid, and if our gentle readers derive but a moiety of the satisfaction we have experienced, in reading our lengthened article on the results of our May Races, we shall feel we have not labored in vain.

'Tis delightful even to attempt to impart a portion of that pleasure which these enlivening scenes so truly inspire—and we set ourselves down in our editorial chair, fully alive to the beauties of the subject—yet commending our "editorial" to the charity and courtesy of our generous patrons.

UNION COURSE, L. ISLAND.

On Tuesday, the 22d inst. the two mile heats, were contended for on this Course. We did not anticipate great sport and put ourselves on our winding way to the Course, in no great spirits. But the day was surpassingly fine, and the beautiful ride soon created that most pleasant of all excitements, the inspiriting influence of a fresh May morning.

The Course was fully and very fashionably attended. Many an "adroit whip" showed off his accomplishment, and the perfection of his horse, and many new and splendid "turn outs" were displayed for the first time.

The Course was in fine condition, and the lovers of good sport were all alive to the rich treat now before them. We were much pleased to remark the real gusto with which some very gentlemanly foreigners enjoyed the approaching sport—giving their spirits a little heightening by a few glasses of their native Sauterne, mingled with a slight pic-nic, Frenchmen so well know to appreciate.

Although the sun shone with much vigor, a refreshing breeze preserved the air sufficiently cool to prevent any lassitude which the noble animals, about to contend for the prize, might otherwise suffer.

The following are the names of the Horses which were entered, for the jockey-club purse of $200.

Mr. Snedeker's c. h. Turk, 6 years old.
Mr. Sherman's c. h. De Witt Clinton, 6 do.
Mr. Livingston's b. f. Camilla, 4 do.
Mr. Van Mater's c. c. True Blue, 4 do.
Mr. Steven's c. m. Celeste, 6 do.
Mr. Black's c. f. Richard's Girl, 4 do.

At the sound of the bugle the horses were passed from their grooms into the hands of their riders. The sorrels, they were all sorrels but one, behaved well, and were easily brought into action,—but Camilla, the only bay, behaved badly—so much so, that the grooms kept her blindfolded, till her rider had mounted. Yet she was decidedly the favorite with the great majority—tho' we saw one or two Knowing Ones give a very significant squint when money was bet on her to any amount. "Camilla against the field," was offered and taken a few times; but "Camilla against any named horse," was the finest bet, and sometimes two to one on her was proposed and accepted. Betting grew brisk, and the backers of the respective horses began to show themselves in the variety of bets that were being made. After the greedy gaze of the crowd was excited to the utmost by some four fruitless starts, the "tap of the drum," announced them off for good. The start was nearly even, De Witt Clinton taking the lead the first round, closely followed by Turk,—Camilla being third,—but Turk's bottom showing itself in the second round, he shot ahead and won the first heat in good style by two or three lengths.

It was now discovered that Camilla had lamed herself during her floundering about, previous to the heat, and her owners were compelled to withdraw her. Two others had received *such a taste* of the sport during the first heat, that they made their bow, reserving their agility to be displayed on a *future* occasion. Hence but *four* appeared for the start at the second heat. Turk was now backed with spirit. Although his friends were not very numerous, their "*kinikles*" appeared to hold out to the contentment of all. Again the drum tapped, and "away went Gilpin!" Dewitt Clinton led, but Celeste rushing up, passed like an arrow—when the infidel Turk, with barbarian scorn of her fair heels, dashed at the "celestial maid" in the last mile—locked her—passed her, and won the heat *hard in hand* by several lengths.

"Then rose from sea to sky a shout of victory," and then "the clink of change" pealed merrily to the ears of the triumphant backers of the gallant Turk. The race was really a most beautiful one, affording infinite amusement to the crowd of spectators, and another instance of the futility of relying with all confidence on the popularity of horse or man.

Turk is an Eclipse colt—dam by Bussorah. The purse was won in the following order.

Turk,	1	1
Dewitt Clinton,	2	4
Celeste	5	2
True Blue,	3	3
Camilla,	4	dr
Alert,	6	dr
Richard's Girl,	dist'd*	

* Startal a full distance behind.

TIME.

First Heat, ... 3 min. 54 sec.
Second Heat, ... 3 min. 50 sec.

WEDNESDAY.—The four mile heats were run this day. The morning opened with a stiff breeze from the east, giving indications of rain, but our fears subsided as the sun got up and though 'twas cloudy all day, the wind lulled, and we lost all thought of the weather in the interest of the sport.

At an early hour, the turnpike leading to the course was thronged with the gay and joyous sportsmen. Hundreds of glittering vehicles danced merrily to the tune of "twelve mile an hour," —trotters and rackers rushing at fearful speed,—coaches at a steadier pace were conveying their precious occupants to give a brilliance to the assembled throng.

The following horses were entered for the purse of 500 dollars.

Mr. Stevens' Black Maria,
Mr. Badger's Flying Dutchman,
Mr. Van Mater's Jane Grey.

So completely was Black Maria the favorite, and so confident were the "knowing ones" of her success, that the most astonishing odds were offered and fearfully accepted. Three to one went a-begging—five to one—hundred to twenty and a *hundred to ten* were repeatedly taken on her against the field. Indeed the backers of the Black Maria seemed perfectly infatuated, though her finished form, sinewy limbs, and elastic movement rendered her friends confidence less unaccountable. She moved the very beau ideal of a racer—her attenuated form and matchless proportions betokened the speed and bottom of her *immortal sire*, Eclipse.

The Flying Dutchman is a beautiful bay—mild in his deportment, and so meek withal that his backers were *tremblingly alive* lest his *gentle action* would yield the purse to his animated rival. Jane Grey is the most slender and delicate of all running animals, showing great foot, and as it ultimately proved first rate bottom.

The Bugle "called to horse," the riders mounted, and at the "tap" they were off. The Flying Dutchman took the lead—was hard pressed by Jane Grey the three first rounds, until the first half of the fourth round, when Black Maria shot ahead of him. This put the Dutchman on his mettle—he again took the lead and won the heat in fine style, to the astonishment and dismay of the sanguine backers of Black Maria.

Astonishing as it may seem, the bets continued the same, and were taken lively by the Dutchman's friends. The Knowing Ones kept dark—but the Green Horns thinking Black Maria was held up to obtain bets, backed the judgment and supposed finesse of her friends with bets of the same reckless odds as at starting. Two to one was the least any thought of offering.

At the second heat, Jane Grey took the lead and sct away in beautiful style in this manner the two first rounds, closely pressed by the Dutchman—Black Maria far in the rear. "Put up Maria, put up Maria," resounded on all sides—but sad and sorely did her friends perceive the "devil was in the wind;" 'twas all over, when at the commencement of the third round, the Flying Dutch began "putting in his best work," passing the *busy* "Lady Jane," taking the lead and winning the second heat, as he had done the first, in the most gallant style. Black Maria merely saved her distance.

It was now rumored that she was laboring under a severe cold and debility produced by it, and that she could not be made to take the bit or bear the spur or whip. Again we understood, she came in quite lame; and we thought, ourselves, she seemed to limp somewhat—having suffered an injury in the first mile of the second heat, when she fell so far behind.

This day's sport was much finer than was anticipated, owing to the conviction so prevalent in the morning that Black Maria would win the purse without an effort.

TIME.

First Heat, ... 8 min. 4 sec.
Second Heat, ... 8 min. 3 sec.

The successful rider of the Flying Dutchman remounted, and wheeling up to the stand, received the glittering purse he had so fairly and so dexterously won.

The very severe, *pouring* rain on Thursday prevented the interesting sports for this day—but on Friday it not raining *quite as hard*, some of the real "tips and bloods" were on the Course, and witnessed (as we learned just as our paper was going to press,) some fine sport. The horses regularly entered were,

Mr. Sherman's De Witt Clinton.
Mr. Pearsall's Medora.
Mr. Stevens' O'Kelly.

Stevens' O'Kelly won the 2d and 3d heat—thus bearing off the purse of $200.

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.—Our readers have doubtless been apprised of the return of our distinguished fellow citizen to the land of his nativity—an event highly gratifying to his extensive circle of personal friends, and scarcely less so to the countless admirers of his genius and writings, which are alike the delight of both hemispheres and the pride of our own. That his welcome in this city was most enthusiastic we need not say, for none could deem New York insensible to the merits of one whom she can so proudly and justly claim as her own. In addition to the hearty greetings which he has already received, we learn that it is contemplated to tender him, on Wednesday next, a public testimonial of the gratitude and affection which his invaluable services to the infant literature of our country has inspired.

The following tribute to the talents and worth of Mr. Irving is from the pen of Robert Walsh, the classic editor of the National Gazette—who, by the way, is not often prodigal in his praise of either books or authors:

Washington Irving has arrived at New-York, after a long absence from his native country, during which he has rendered it constant and rare service by the great and brilliant enhancement of his literary fame, the solid value as well as peculiar charm of his works, and the uniform excellence of his private life and character. The American name has gained doubly through the author and the man, as the Scottish has been brightened with twofold honor by Sir Walter Scott. There is no reproach which ought to be deemed more painful to both parties than that which the spirit of patriotism is obliged to cast upon an author of genius and renown whose personal history is discreditable, or who has published what tends to vitiate morals and taste.

Mr. Irving is mentioned, in one of the New-York papers, as late Secretary of the American legation. All dignity merely diplomatic fades and merges before his literary repute. The government has the most reason to be proud that he bore the title; to it the advantage accrues. When Hume accompanied Lord Hervey and Dugald Stewart Lord Lauderdale, to Paris, each as a member of the British embassy, no one of the court, the political, literary or fashionable circles, could see or think of the Secretary as such, however accomplished and able as such. In the same capital, more attention and admiration were given to Sir Walter Scott than to Mr. Canning; and to the latter more in his capacity of genius, scholar, and orator, than that of minister of state. So the politician was nearly forgotten in M. de Chateaubriand on his visit to England, even in the elaborate public compliment of Mr. Canning: it was the gifted and illustrious author who was hailed and incensed on every side. Intelligences of their endowments and exploits stand out in estimation beyond all adventitious rank or officelessness—they have a higher existence and more general acceptance; they possess an absorbing distinction and superior meed.

"Letters admit not of a half renown,
They give you nothing, or they give a crown
No work e'er gained true fame, or ever can,
But what did honor to the name of man."

PUBLIC INDIGNATION.—Some bucks in Philadelphia, in returning from the Races over the Hunting Park Course, accidentally ran over an apple-cart, thereby upsetting the *mobi-cal*, and sadly frightening the dispenser of candy, apples, and other small fry. Since we first saw it, the article has gone the round of half the Union, and we find the following "expressions of public indignation" pinned to it by our contemporaries.

N. B. No "expression" should exceed two lines.

[Such blades ought to be bathed with aqua-fortis, and confined with the hedge-hog in Washington Hall.—*Phila. Gaz.*

[And when there, they should be allowed no other beverage than a super-saturated solution of sulphate of soda.—*Transcript.*

[And be ducked in a horsepond thrice a day, during their natural lives.—*Herald.*

[And afterwards dried in the pillory.—*News Letter.*

[And then sent to tend a guide-board in the town of Hull.—*Daily Jour.*

[And be hung at the door of a drug store, for a sign of the Tartar Emetic.—*Geo. Cou.*

[And then *tried out*, and sold for soap-grease.—*Cape Cod Beacon.*

[A just indignation is spreading all over the Union, at the unprecedented, unconstitutional and murderous act.—*Evening Jour.*

[They should be execrated in all after ages, as the cause of every evil that may in time come to afflict our dearly beloved republic.—*Babblebrook Argus.*

[And should be burnt in effigy, with the chips of an old gallows, in every section of the country. —*Duckpond Advertiser.*

[And carted over the Blue Ridge at midnight, in a three-wheeled wagon, and dumped in the first quagmire on the other side.—*Kennellon Budget.*

[And forced to live on alligator-meat cured with the smoke of tar and feathers.—*North Florida Sentinel.*

[And have nothing to drink, but skunk-cabbage brandy, sweetened with rhubarb molasses.—*Grundy Gazette.*

[And breathe nothing but sawdust and hominy. —*Hilltown Herald.*

[And finally be battered to a mummy with hickory clubs and then thrown overboard beyond the Sandwich Islands.—*Bedlonbury Centaur.*

[And be "used up" in making "bobs" for eels. *Spirit of the Times.*

EDITORIAL STOCK RISING.—We [illegible] some time since, that "Sir Walter, of the Transcript," had been promoted to several offices of honor and trust, among the multitude of which were—Representative to the Gen. Assembly—Trustee of the Lying-in-Hospital—and Rat Inspector for the city of Boston and county of Suffolk: we hope to be able to add to his List of offices, that of Representative to Congress, which is not at all improbable, for in his last paper he says:

"We learn from the Newburyport Advertiser, that at the last attempt to elect a Representative to *Congress* from Essex North—we received a number of votes. This compliment was paid our unworthiness in consequence of a little paragraph in a late number of our paper, censuring the conduct of certain people who threw scattering votes at the last election.

The editor of the Advertiser will oblige us by tendering to our excellent friends the homage of our gratitude, assuring them, in our name, that if elected on the next trial, we shall not decline the honor they intend us; but will serve them to the "last gasp with truth and loyalty." "Promotion cometh not from the East, nor from the West, and nor yet from the South." We are almost disheartened by delay, and if it come at last from the North, we will go to the big wigwam and make a talk which shall convince their old men and their young men—their prophets and their braves, that our constituents are the most noble-minded, conscientious and consistant politicians in the world, loving their country better than themselves, and Caleb Cushing better than either."

"THE MIRROR OF TASTE."—We copy the following handsome acceptance of our invitation, from this paper of the 23d inst.

"Who would not be an editor for the sake of luxuriating in riotous living on *pie* at Delmonico's, and getting into good *case* on mint julep at Nibblo's? 'Thank you, Sir William, we owe you one,' and when 'our vocation' will *justify* a trip to the 'London of America,' we will just 'pop in' under the 'Assurance doubly sure,' we shall not 'intrude,'—and cheerfully *cross*, not *quills* but *hands* with you."

The prospectus of the publishers will be found in our advertising columns, to which we beg leave to call the attention of our readers, with the assurance that it is one of the best conducted sheets we wot of. "The selections are judicious,—the original matter is lively, and amusing, and denotes talent;—and the mechanical execution of the work is beautiful. What more could one wish for?"

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—We find the following in the Philadelphia Gazette, of the 22d instant.

A singular bet has been made between two gentlemen of this city, the stakes whereof are $1000. One of the parties has engaged to procure, from some Yankee discoveror and inventor, an original, patent *machine*, or gin, for picking the bones from shad, for which a premium of $500 is offered. The gentleman thus pledged—whose name has been left with us—is an epicure in piscatory luxuries;—and is fully competent to pay any bet under a *plum*. Possessing agile habits, and believing that time is money, he has long felt the inconvenience of delay in feeding hodrs, when shad has been the chief article of deglutition; and he makes the foregoing offer in sober *earnest*. The ingenious will please take note thereof. We are uninformed whether the offer is, or is not, original; but the premium is worth notice—and the editor of the Boston Courier, who is the pursuivant at arms of the "notion" Manufacturers down East, is desired to extend this announcement.

BOAT RACING, at Quebec, seems to be "all the go." Our readers will recollect the result we gave a few weeks since of a fine race; and from appearances, we anticipate the pleasure of soon laying another before them, of still greater interest. We copy from the Gazette the article annexed:

BOAT RACE. The fame of our annual regatta has induced the Greenock boat-builders to send out two of their gigs to this country—one by the Cherub, and another by the Robertson. A match for £25 a side has been made between the gentlemen amateurs of the Lower Town, in the four-oared gig brought out by the Cherub, and the four-oared New York cedar-built gig of the officers of the 32d, the Eagle to be rowed by the officers. It is to come off on Friday week, the 25th instant, weather permitting.

We understand that another Liverpool built gig has also arrived in the Unicorn. The New-Yorkers will have something to do to maintain their name against such odds, yet, under equally favorable circumstances, we think they will stand a fair chance.

We have had an opportunity of visiting the Scotch boats—they appeared a third longer than the Eagle, and their models are very different from the American.

The Lower Town amateurs had not completed their crew this morning. The distance to be pulled is four miles.

NEW AGENTS.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	John T. Lewis, Esq.
Tolland, Ct.	H. W. Greene, Esq.
Middlebury, Vt.	A. Bennett, Esq. P. M.

Through the politeness of Mr. Colman, we find on our table a splendid copy of the works of BYRON, from an edition published by himself and Galignani of Paris.

This beautiful edition is in one volume, and contains many new pieces and many suppressed ones, besides the entire collection of all his published works. The execution does great credit to the publishers; and the correctness of the copy, when added to the merited and unbounded popularity of the works themselves, cannot fail to ensure them a rapid sale.

Mr. Colman has a still larger edition, embellished with most superb engravings, by the same publishers. 'Tis a treat to look at it.

A French Grammar; or, Plain Instructions for the learning of French, in a series of Letters, by WM. CORNETT. New York: JOHN DOYLE, 12 Liberty-street.

Mr. Doyle has just published a new stereotype edition of this work, in which, to use the words of a contemporary, the author explains the principles of the French language and its grammatical construction, in a series of familiar letters addressed to his son. It will be of great use to all who have acquired a common knowledge of the language, from the practical manner in which the subject is handled in the author's familiar and sensible manner. His grammar in the French language, "for the teaching of French people English," which was published in Philadelphia in 1793, has, he says, long been in use, for the purpose for which it was intended, in all the countries of Europe.

"AMERICAN PORTRAIT GALLERY."—We have been looking over the first number of a contemplated series of portraits and biographical sketches of distinguished men, who have flourished at any period of American history. This beautiful work is got up in great good taste, in imitation of that splendid work, the British Portrait Gallery. The assiduity and enterprize of the publishers (Peabody & Co.) deserve the patronage of all those who are desirous "to adorn their libraries with good likenesses of distinguished persons," and more especially of those great men whose lives are intimately interwoven with the history of our country. The first number contains the likenesses of Washington, Capt. John Smith, and Columbus. There is an appropriateness in thus commencing the work with the biographical sketches of these "founders of the new world."

The editorial department is under the charge of SAMUEL L. KNAPP, Esq. than whom few men are better read in American history, or better qualified to write those necessarily brief but comprehensive biographies that will give an additional value to this cheap and elegant work. It is important for those desirous of procuring entire copies to make an early application for the first number. Price, no more than 50 cents.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The ship Thomas Dickason, Capt. Anthony, arrived at this port on Saturday the 19th instant from Liverpool, bringing London dates to the 11th of April and Liverpool to the 12th.

The intelligence of greatest moment is that which relates to the rapid and destructive progress of the *Cholera*, especially in Paris, where, according to the official statements, the number of cases which had occurred from the 28th of March to the 7th of April was no less than 3,077, and of these 1,199 had been fatal. The disorder was still raging in London, and throughout England, but without the malignity which characterized its course in Paris.

With regard to the British Reform Bill, the best accounts appeared to concur in stating that it would pass its second reading in the House of Lords by a small majority, and that its final passage was yet exceedingly doubtful.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree annihilating the nationality of Poland, and declaring that it shall in future be considered as an integral and inseparable portion of the Russian empire. This announcement was received with great indignation at London.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Havre arrived at this port on the 22d inst. bringing Paris dates to the 10th ult. three days later than previous advices; also the ship Splendid, from Bremen, with German papers to the 13th.

The malignity of the Cholera in Paris seems to have undergone a slight abatement, but the mortality is still frightful—upwards of 1000 persons having fallen victims to its ravages within the last three days.

A new protocol has appeared in London with respect to the affairs of Belgium, which however makes no approach towards a settlement of the difficulties connected with the Belgian question, but on the contrary plainly shows the existence of two opposing parties among the European Courts—the one, consisting of France and England, favoring the claims of the Belgians; the other, embracing the despotic powers, supporting the pretensions of Holland.

The distinguished General Lamarque had fallen a victim to the Cholera in Paris.

Advices from Italy assert that the troops of Austria were about forming a junction with the army of the Pope, with the intention of driving the French out of Ancona. This statement, however, requires confirmation.

The squadron of Don Pedro, it appears, are yet engaged in the blockade of Madeira; and a report of their appearance off Lisbon did not obtain general credit.

LATER AND MORE IMPORTANT.

The ship Josephine, Capt. Britton, arrived on Friday morning from Belfast, from whence she sailed on the 25th April. London papers has been received to the 21st., they contain the highly important information of the passage of the Reform Bill, on the second reading, in the House of Lords, by a majority of nine. For the Bill, 184; against it, 175. Lord Grey intimates in his speech pretty plainly the course he intends to pursue in the future stages of the bill; he has now a fair chance of ultimately carrying this important measure.

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—We find the following in the Keeseville, N. Y. Herald. The editor to whom it was addressed, says it must be considered "the great effort of a great genius!"

☞ We cannot follow the snivelling editor of the Essex paper any further. He deals too largely in three-headed dogs, jackasses and Guinea pigs to suit us. "Go, poor devil, get thee gone," as Uncle Toby said to the fly.

Maelzel's Automaton.

Automata have been favorite objects of mechanical contrivance from a very early period. The celebrated story of the statue of Memnon leads the way: the statues and flight of Dædalus are equally famous, and perhaps—fabulous. Aristotle, however, speaks of the former in his treatise De Anima, as successful imitators of the human figure and human functions in walking, running, &c., and attempts to account for their motions by the concealment of quicksilver. Archytas's flying dove is another of the ancient automata. Then came Friar Bacon's brazen head—the iron spider of Walchius—the hydraulic clock presented to the emperor Charlemagne—the musical boxes of Dros—the duck of Vaucanson which ate, drank, and quacked in perfect *harmony* with nature—the Androides by the same gentleman, and though last not least, the chess-player of Maelzel.

All our chess playing readers are able to appreciate the bold pretensions of this automaton. The entire number of combinations, which it is possible to form with the pieces of a chess-board, has never, we believe, been ascertained. To push forward a plan of our own steadily, and at the same time to anticipate the designs of an antagonist, requires a constant and acute discrimination, which long experience, and some considerable strength of memory, have been required to make availing in all other cases. But this cunning infidel (for he assumes the figure of a Turk) drives kings and castles and knights before him with more than mortal sagacity, and except in a very few instances of drawn games has beat the most skillful chessplayers in the world. On the supposition of its being altogether a mechanical contrivance, it is the greatest that ever appeared.—*Traveller.*

Mr. Frederick S. Hill "a scholar,—a ripe and good one," and a gentleman in feeling and manners, makes his first appearance on the Bowery boards on Saturday evening, as Frederick in the "Poor Gentleman." The part, we believe, is entirely new to him, and we think the manager would have shewn his taste and judgment to more advantage had he selected the "School for Scandal," in which, at Boston, as *Charles Surface*, Mr. H. won golden opinions.—*Ib.*

HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.—Capt. J. V. DWyck off, late of the 7th Company National Guards, has recently been presented with a splendid Silver Pitcher—a tribute from his old associates in arms to his worth and conduct. The design and execution are entirely American, the handle surmounted by the American Eagle, the lip by the shield, richly entwined with wreaths of oak and laurel; on the one side the city and on the other the National Guard coat of arms; the whole chased in a superb manner. The work reflects the highest credit on the artist.

SYMPTOMS OF PUGNACITY.—The other day my attention was attracted to an affair of fisticuffs, which occurred in the public street. A boy apparently not more than ten years old, was wending his weary way, with a large tin vessel in his hand, containing the *pabulum vitæ*, for his father's dinner. Being clad in rather rude and somewhat tattered garments, he became the subject of reproach and scorn to two other boys of much better dress and larger size, who, with abusive words, taunted him on his unseemly appearance, and the menial office in which he was engaged. Provoked to madness, by their insulting language, the little fellow put down his kettle, and the spirit of the hero rising within him he dropped his furless hat and went at his persecutors in a style of skill and bravery that would have done honor to a Fuller or a Blackburn with their best and brightest laurels won in pugilistic lore. The blows fell heavy on the heads and faces first of one then of the other; his nails making sundry deep channels in their cheeks, in imitation of the red sea was sketched out on the face of each, when finding the war waxing rather hot, like Xenophon and Moreau, they sounded a retreat, and went off "at the top of their speed;" thus exhibiting more skill in "saving their bacon" by *flight* than by *fight*.

"For when the fight becomes a chase,
He wins the fight who wins the race,"

while the little "conquering hero" finding the field clear, and the day his own, picked up his kettle, and whistling "Yankee Doodle," marched off to take his father his dinner and to tell the story of his triumph. P.
N. Y. Traveller.

A YANKEE TRICK.—Between the proprietors of the *Ohio* and *De Witt Clinton*, there appears to exist a considerable enmity; and their opposition as regards racing these boats is carried to an unfortunate extent. The landings of both boats are on the pier—that of the Ohio at the foot of Hamilton street, and that of the De Witt Clinton at State street—some distance above—They both advertise to leave the pier at the same hour—but the Ohio lying so far below the De Witt, has the advantage of watching her movements, and generally darts out ahead, in order to clear the bars some miles below, and thereby secure all the way passengers. On Thursday afternoon, the Captain of the De Witt Clinton played his antagonist a real Yankee trick. A quarter of an hour before the appointed time of sailing, the De Witt's bow was swung around, and every appearance manifested for a speedy departure; when the captain of the Ohio observing the preparations, sung out, "All ashore, that's agoing!" The engineer started the engine, and off she went under a high pressure of steam. Meantime the Captain of the De Witt hauled along side again, quite leisurely, and waited until four o'clock. He obtained about one hundred passengers by this dexterous manœuvre.—*Albany Microscope.*

Five boys, two of whom were colored, were arrested on the Common, on Monday, says the Boston Advertiser, while playing paw-paws or props. One of them, a black boy, aged 16, who had been seen the day previous playing for cents, was sent to the House of Correction for 10 days; and one of the white boys was sent to the House of Reformation. This seeming game has been very prevalent of late, and it is well the proper authorities nip the germ of gambling so promptly.

MINA.—A gentleman who has been some time resident at Trinidad, informs the editor of the Barnstable Patriot, that Mina is the *illegitimate* son of a very rich gentleman of Cuba. He was not allowed, however, to take the name of the father, but lived with his mother's relations and bore her name. He was the perpetrator of a murder in his native place, and in consequence, clandestinely put on board a vessel bound to Boston, which was his first introduction into this country.

Formerly in France the actresse's were all styled Madamoiselles: now we hear they are all Mesdames, or indeed something between them both. In a civil suit an actress being examined as a witness, was asked whether she was Madamoiselle or Madame. Monsieur le president, answered she, Je suis commedienne.
Courier des Etatis Unis.

"PECULIARITIES" OF THE PRESS.—The stereotyped phraseology of the press is to us a standing joke; a perpetual and never to be exhausted spring of "rational entertainment." Is there an unusual shower of rain in any village within five miles of London? of course, its like was not known "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Does it happen to take place in town instead of country? of course, "the metropolis was visited by one of the most awful," &c. Is there a chimney on fire? of course, the "devouring element" blazes through a long paragraph. Is a straw bonnet maker's apprentice robbed of her reticule, or exposed to the indignity of having her veil gently thrown back, displaying her beauties to the gaze of the vulgar! of course, the deed was perpetrated by a "wretch," in the human form." Is somebody *acquitted* by the Lord Mayor upon a charge of swindling? of course, he is a "person of very interesting appearance." Is somebody *convicted* upon a similar charge? of course, he "is a suspicious looking character." Does a gentleman fail to recover, at the hands of a magistrate, a wife who has run away from him fifteen times? of course, his feelings "may be more easily conceived than described." Do five fools, aged fifty-one years each, happen to meet together at any time this side of the antipodes? of course, it is discovered that "their united ages amount to two hundred and fifty-five years." Are people married now a-days? no, they are always "led to the hymenial altar." Are they hanged? by no means; they are launched into eternity." Do rich land owners give their tenants a dinner at Christmas! it is hailed as a noble specimen of "genuine English hospitality."—*Monthly Magazine.*

SPLENDID BALL.—We understand that the top of the colored circle in Boston lately gave a splendid ball at Medford, to which the editor of the Liberator was invited. The dresses worn on the occasion were said to have been uncommonly rich and appropriate. One gentleman, an "*attaché*" to one of the Hotels in Boston, was dressed in drab corduroy breeches, blue stockings, sky blue coat with steel buttons, and a scarlet velvet vest, faced with black, and elegantly embroidered with light yellow tape. His lady wore a white satin gown, made short enough to expose about an inch of a yellow flannel petticoat, pointed, and corded with red cord. On her head she wore three yellow pompons, so disposed as to form a three fingered jack. Other dresses equally tasty were observed. The old fashioned and vulgar dances gave way to the more fashionable and genteel waltzes and quadrilles. The party broke up about nine o'clock the next morning highly delighted with their night's entertainment.—*New-Bedford Gazette.*

ANECDOTE.—A jolly son of Erin who once resided in this village, being desirous of eating his calf, requested a bricklayer who was passing to kill the *crather* for him. The mason having a much better *knack* at using the trowel than the butcher-knife, refused: the Irishman insisted, and handed over the *cash* in advance. When our friend of the plumb and level consented to "do the deed," and repairing to the barn, he despatched the calf and went his way. Upon going to the barn the Irishman, discovering that the mason had tricked him, followed him and demanded why in the name of St. Patrick he had left his calf with the skin on:—"Och! by the land of shelalahs and praties, and that's the swate Emerald island itself, did ye suppose I could swallow my calf with the skin on?" "When I make a bargain to kill a calf, friend," answered the other, "and get the cash in advance, you'll not catch me spending more time than is needful, I guess. I killed your calf, you asked no more of me, and I agreed to do no more." "Och, blood and thunder!" returned Paddy, "is it a d—d yankee *thrick* yer playin upon me? Well, if I only had you or the likes of you in *owld* Ireland, I'd let ye know that such *thricks* could be *aisily* cured by a drop of the essence of the sprig of shelalah; and whenever I want another calf *kill*, by the powers but I'll cook him and eat him *alive* before I'll employ any infernal yankee of all of ye to do it for me—that's what I will, ye spalpeen."—*N. H. Spec.*

MATTERS OF TASTE. "It is stated that in a susceription library at Glasgow, to which the operatives have access, the books most in request are the Newgate Calender and the Waverly Novels." This story reminds of the taste professed by a young lady, who declared that two things in the world which she preferred to all others, were Paradise Lost and asparagus.

At a sale of numerous *recherche* articles a few days since, at Gradby Hall, Leicestershire, a spinnet of the time of Louis XIV. attracted particular attention, from the excellence of its design, and the costly nature of the materials of which it was composed. The keys were of mother o'-pearl, the interior lining tortoise shell, whilst an exquisite painting adorned the entire of the upper lid; and the legs and outward case, of beautiful walnut-tree wood, were elaborately inlaid and carved. After a spirited competition it was knocked down to the Earl of Harborough.

MARRIAGE.

"What is marriage like?" was the question at a game of "What is it like?" A young gentleman, when it came to his turn, answered in the following extempore:

Marriage is like a flaring light,
Placed in a window of a summer night,
Attracting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty wingletts there;
Those that are out turn heads against the pane,
And those within butt to get out again.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The following anecdote is told in a recent Scotch paper:—"The late Mr. R. when minister of Inchture, had a heavy share or one of the Dundee whalers. One season the vessel was missing, and thought to be lost. On a Sabbath morning the news arrived that the missing whaler had come safely in. As usual the beadle was in attendance to usher the minister into the pulpit; while on his way through the church-yard, he turned round with a face full of importance, and said, 'Sir, the whale ships come in.' 'Hold your peace, John,' replied the minister, with a frown, 'how dare ye speak to me about whale ships on the Lord's day?' The poor beadle was quite crest-fallen at this rebuke; however, when he was opening the door, the minister, said archly, "Hark ye, man! any fish?" "I dinna ken an it be right to speak about fish on the Lord's day, but they say she is a 'bumper ship.' "Is she faith," exclaimed the clergyman, striking his cane on the ground. The news raised his spirits so far above their ordinary tone, that his hearers declared they never heard him so lively either before or after."

The cholera attacks none but drunkards. The first person who died of it drank 23 glasses of whiskey the day before his death as a *preventive!*

We wish the postmaster who takes the liberty to read our Daily Transcript on its way from Boston, would not detain it over *one mail*. We have no doubt if he sends the *cash* in advance to the office, he can receive one himself.

N. B. The items above were all taken by way of *reprisal*.

PROPER PRIDE IN A DOG.—A gentleman, a poor shot, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them, after ineffectually firing for some time at the birds which his old pointer found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.—*Gleanings of Natural History.*

We learn from the New-York American, that the following gentlemen have been invited by the Secretary of War, to attend as a Board of Visitors at the examination of the Cadets, on the first Monday of June next:

Gen. W. H. Harrison, Ohio; Jno. H. Eaton, and Jesse Wharton, Esqs. Tennesse; Dr. J. Moorman, Virginia; J. Cannack, Esq. Georgia; Rev. J. M. Noel, Kentucky; H. L. Ellsworth, Esq. and the Rev. W. Fisk, Connecticut; Wm. Hunter, Esq. Rhode Island; H. Peterkin, Esq. and Capt. P. Frity, Pennsylvania; Gov. B. Pierce, N. Hampshire; Dr. W. J. McNeven, N. York; E. Schrober, Esq. North Carolina; A. G. Harrison, Esq. Missouri; Gen. Theodore Lyman, Massachusetts; Col. G. C. Dromgoold, Virginia; Maj. Gen. Alexander Macomb, Maj. Henry Whiting and Dr. Samuel B. Smith, U. S. Army.

We have in our office, says the Journal of Commerce, a print of the Monument to be erected by Mr. Burrows, to the memory of the Mother of Washington. It is to be forty-five feet in height of pure marble, and surmounted with a bust of Washington, presented by Col. Howard of Baltimore. The architectural design is admirable. There is to be no other inscription than simply—

MARY,
THE MOTHER OF
WASHINGTON.

Hackett played the "Lion of the West" at Louisville recently, and came very near getting "used up." The Louisville Journal is quite indignant about it, and handles the author of the play without *them* things on *what* makes folks' hands warm in the winter.

LOVE AND MURDER.—A young gentleman and lady, residing in England, being violently attached to each other, and the relatives refusing to consent to their union, they agreed to go abroad and put an end to their existence. They arrived at Lisbon, and, with loaded pistols pointed at each other's bosoms, they agreed to fire at the same moment. His pistol took effect, and laid the young lady dead at his feet, but hers missed fire. On his arrival in England, he was arrested, tried by a special commission, and was hanged at Newgate.

NEW-YORK.

About midnight last night a man was discovered breaking a glass window of a drug store in Market-street, and stealing therefrom. The person escaped in the store slipped out and apprehended him. On his examination at the Office, he was recognized as an old offender named Andrew McGowan, who has already served in the Penitentiary. He was fully committed for trial.

Two or three large boys to day lurked about a store in the Bowery, until an opportunity offered, when they cut loose a piece of calico, with which they decamped. One of them was seized by a citizen on suspicion, and brought up with the calico, which was afterwards claimed, and the offender fully committed.

A man was brought up and committed for stealing a boat from a sloop at the foot of Oliver street.

A remnant of silk, pair of scissors &c., supposed to have been dropped by some person, were picked up in the street, and are at the office. Also two brass wash kettles brought in. Also a pail containing wet clothing.

The drug store, corner of Laurens and Canal streets, was broken open a few nights since, and robbed of several articles.

The house 193 East Broadway was entered on the night of the 18th inst. and robbed of a mantle clock—runs 14 days without winding—in a black marble block, on a mahogany pedestal. A glass shade taken with it.

The house 73 Anthony street, was broken open on Monday night, and robbed of a quantity of silver tea and table spoons—marks C. L. T. & L. L.

A gold guard chain worth $40, two diamond shirt buttons, three enamelled do., a quizzing glass, gold handles, gold chased seals and slides, stolen from 37 Broad-street.

The sloop Experiment, lying at Peck-slip, was broken open on Sunday night, and robbed of seven tubs of butter, and several baskets of eggs.

An old offender was brought up and committed for taking a pair of shoes from a shop door in Broadway.

A black man, shop lifter, was committed, for having been detected last evening stealing a piece of calico, from a shop in Spring-street.

A young Canadian, who had been employed on board of the steam boat Henry Eckford, for stealing clothing from the hands. His excuse was that he changed his dress when intoxicated.

The store window of Mr. B. Haight, in Broadway, was broken open, and two pieces of fine linen, and two of long lawn, taken.

PHILADELPHIA.

TUESDAY, May 15.—*A Runaway Wife.*—Hugh and Phebe Daily, were the first up this morning, and the watchman stated that they were husband and wife, and that about 3 o'clock this morning, while passing near the Pottsville stage office in Market street, he heard Mr. D. who was standing beside a coach then preparing to start, calling "watch," and before he reached the spot the stage started down Market street, followed by the driver to stop, and return him his wife. He at length stopped, and the watch coming up, D. renewed his complaint, and begged of the watch to assist him in recovering his wife, who he declared was then in the stage, for the purpose of running away from him. The lady was appealed to, but said she did not even know the man, nor did she want to; however, nothing would satisfy him short of her company to

PARK.

The White Lady of Avenel,—a new Opera—was produced on Monday, and made a favorable impression on a very crowded and fashionable audience.

Even a critical reader of good Sir Walter, will hardly recognise in the Opera the scenes that have enchanted him in the Novel. Most of the interest comes from the incidents in Guy Mannering—while the fanciful conception of the White Lady from the Monastery, is introduced as a sister-Spirit, giving life and poetry to the whole:—in fact, it is from its musical qualities *alone*, that this Opera has any claims on our admiration, and we have yet to learn from the success of the piece, whether the experiment will succeed.

On its repetition, the favorable reception of its first appearance was confirmed. Many curtailments had been made, greatly relieving the piece and the audience;—its merits may now be considered established, and hereafter this beautiful Opera will rank with Cinderella or Masaniello, and like them embodies in a manner at once unique and felicitous, the brilliant conceptions of Weber, Rossini, &c.—affording us music of the most exquisite description.—Some good old Scotch Airs are woven in skilfully, especially Robin Adair, the recollection of which is the only connecting link in the mind of the lost heir of Avenel, of old and cherished thoughts of his boyhood.

Need we say that the peerless Mrs. Austin gave to the character of "Louise" all such a character required—brilliant and effective music? And her beautiful voice was never heard to greater advantage—its clear tones swelling with the richest cadence, beautifully harmonising with the melodious clarionet.

Mrs. Shalpe never disappoints us in any thing she attempts; and as "Alie Mc Phear" she acquitted herself in the happiest manner.—Mrs. S. always dresses tastefully, but she never was dressed prettier than as "Alie."

Mr. Jones was rapturously applauded, and deserved it. He gave us the Air of Robin Adair, in the most happy manner.

Mr. Ritchings as High Sheriff, outdid himself. "But his nose," says a cotemporary, "was tied up with a string, as is done to the tail of a newly nicked horse—from which we infer that all Sheriffs in Scotland tie up the end of their nose."

AMERICAN.

Miss Clifton commenced her engagement on Monday, in the character of Bianca, and was warmly received by the audience. She is making very decided improvement on her former excellence, and well merits the encouragement that has thus far been liberally awarded her. It must be acknowledged that Miss Clifton possesses great requisites for the stage, which industry and study will alone make available wherewith to secure for her beautiful self, that distinction among her sister Stars to which she aspires.

[illegible] Mr. Hamblin, is fast making this House very popular. Mr. Hamblin's acting also deserves our warmest admiration; and it received, as *Fazio* merited, and repeated plaudits from a crowded house.

Mr. Jones must excuse us, but really he must pronounce better and utter his words more distinctly. He is hardly understood in many passages from his incoherent manner of utterance:—We say these things with the more regret, from his really possessing so good a figure, voice, appearance, indeed every thing that would otherwise entitle him to the character of a first-rate stock actor.

Mr. FREDERIC S. HILL, late editor of the New England Galaxy, who made so successful a *debut* at the Richmond Hill last winter, having just concluded an engagement at the Tremont in Boston, will make his first appearance at the American this evening, in the character of *Frederick*, in the "Poor Gentleman;" we hope his friends and all lovers of the drama will give him the hearty greeting he so richly merits both as an actor and a gentleman.

RICHMOND HILL.

This house was opened on Wednesday, under the direction of the great favorite of this community, Mr. Barnes of the Park. The house has been enlarged and improved in many particulars.

That very accomplished actress, Mrs. Barnes, pronounced the "opening address;" and we were surprised to witness any hesitancy on her part to give it the desired effect; but from some unaccountable cause, she required all the assistance, nay, more than the prompter could render her. It is charity to believe that the deep interest she must have taken in the success of this "opening scene" so affected her memory that she lost that "mental balance" so essential to a happy recitation. We sincerely regret this circumstance, and sympathize in any mortification so slight an occurrence may have occasioned, but we still have confidence in the enterprize and good management of Mr. Barnes, and have no doubt of the ultimate success that awaits him.

THEATRICAL.—Messrs. Thorne & Mestayer, late of the Richmond Hill Theatre, in this city, have been playing in Poughkeepsie the last week. The company, which is respectable, have engaged the Hall of Mr. Jarvis, which has been fitted up for the occasion. We find on the bill the name of Mr. A. Adams, the tragedian, and quite a clever number of our old stock actors. Success attend them.

THEATRICAL MISCELLANIES;

FROM BERNARD'S RETROSPECTIONS OF THE STAGE.

THORNTON.—The following will illustrate how skillfully he combined the duties of actor and manager. It was his general practice to take the money at the pit door, another actor officiating at the boxes. One night, when committing a dramatic homicide on Richard, the half-price was coming in. Never, in the sublimest of his histrionic illusions, was he altogether so enveloped in Shakspeare that he forgot himself—his vigilant eye was cocked upon the pit entrance, to see that his substitute fulfilled his duty, or that the unprincipled bumpkins of the village did not confound their individuality, and pass in in a group. He had concluded the soliloquy in the tent scene, and rousing at the words of Catesby, had repeated the line—"Shadows, avaunt! you threat-en here in vain!"—when he suddenly espied a malefactor stealing in unobserved: the interest of Richard's situation was instantly forgotten in his own:—substance as well as shadows departed; and, with a distinguishing gesticulation, he exclaimed, "That man in the grey coat came in without paying!" He then subjoined, with a burst of truly rational triumph, "Richard's himself again!"

PARKER.—[This manager wished to leave town, but Mrs. Brown, his landlady, held his trunk, which was indispensable, in durance vile, as hostage for the payment of his bill.—Barnard tells us the ruse of Parker's to get it into his possession.]

Entering into her little parlor one morning in a very agitated manner, and pacing the floor with hasty steps, he muttered in a low but distinct tone, "Shame, shame—ungrateful, deceitful woman!" Mrs. Brown was sitting down to her needle, but her ear was very quick, and she inquired what was the matter. "What's the matter?" he responded, with an exquisite assumption of mingled sadness and indignation—"you are the matter Madam: I must say, and, with the utmost charity, you are a very ill used woman!"—Mr. Parker, me?—"Man can detend dimself," he ejaculated—"but lovely—lovely—unprotected woman!"—"About me, Mr. Parker?" his landlady started on her legs, as though under the impulse of electricity—(it is necessary to mention here that Mrs Brown a good deal resembled in her composition that of salad, oil, and vinegar, with mustard in abundance.)—"How is it?—what is it?—who is it that has said any thing, Mr. Parker?"

Parker perceived in the thermometer of her countenance that the quicksilver was rising to fever heat, and taking that as his cue, he said, —"Mrs. Peters, Madam,—your friend, as she calls herself—Mrs. Peters is a very double-faced woman—a very scandalous woman—Mrs Peters!—Hav'nt I seen her," he continued, with a tone and attitude a la Sterne,—"drinking your bohea tea, swallowing your well buttered toast! and now to report such things behin I your back?"

Mrs. Brown's agitation had now worked up to an overflow. "Mr Parker—my dear Mr Parker, for the love of heaven, tell me, or I shall go into fits! I have been that woman's best friend—her only friend!"—"Here's ingratitude!" he exclaimed, keeping her off as long as possible from the point. "Well, if there's any one crime in the world greater than another it is ingratitude."—"For God's sake, Mr Parker!"—"Well then, Mrs Brown as I was coming through the market, I passed Mrs Peters' stall, and found her surrounded by a dozen of the most scandalous old women in Taunton, holding forth very shamefully to your disadvantage."—"But what did she say Mr Parker?"—"Why, I'm half ashamed to tell you, Madam—but since it is proper you should know, she averred most distinctly, in my presence, that she knew you to be a female monster!"—"A what!"—"A female monster—she said you were born with but one breast."

At this charge, Mrs Brown started in Parker's face like a petrification, and he in hers with a kind of wondering sympathy. Regaining her breath—"One—one breast!" she exclaimed: "Oh the wretch! Where's my bonnet?—I'll let her know! One breast!—Look, Mr Parker," and, carried away by the torrent of her fury, she snatched aside her handkerchief, and unbosomed before him.—"A wretch indeed!" responded Parker, gazing very composedly upon this very extraordinary exhibition—"she deserves the pillory."—"Put in the pillory!—I'll put her into the puddle!" and grasping her bonnet, away she darted into the street, flew over to the market-place, and without giving Mrs Peters any intimation of her design, seized a corner of her table (a large board upon tressels,) turned it aslant, and away went the whole magazine of nicetics into the gutter—oranges, apples, and sugar plums—a lamentable commingling of dirt and dainties. Before Mrs Peters had recovered from the paralysis of this event, as a hungry lioness would have made up to an innocent lamb, did Mrs Brown dart upon her unoffending victim, tear off her cap, and disfigure her countenance, till it was out of the power of her nearest relation to swear to her. Mrs Peters, however, being an able bodied woman, and not lacking spirit, at length turned on her assailant, and, inflamed by the ruin that lay around her, dealt out a terrible reprisal. The market was now in an uproar—people flocked to the spot, constables were called in, and business was at a stand still—it is hardly necessary to add, that the whole accusation was unfounded, or that Mr Parker had a countryman in waiting near the door, who took Mrs Brown's sallying out as the signal for his sallying in—when the long watched and much valued object of this stratagem was seized and shouldered, and in five minutes after, pushed into the tail of a fly-waggon about to leave the town.

MRS. BERNARD—On her benefit-night received an unexpected compliment. We were playing "The Chances," in which my wife enacted the "Second Constantia," and when repeating the soliloquy upon her escape from Antonio, she exclaimed, "Well, I'm glad I've got rid of that old fellow, however; and now if any handsome young man would take a fancy to me, and make me an honest woman, I'd make him the best wife in the universe!" A middy in the slips, who had never seen a play before, and took a deep interest in the scene, immediately started up, and leaning over the box, in a manner which made him conspicuous to the whole house, clapped his hands, and cried out, "I'll have you ma'am, I'll have you—d—n my eyes, if I don't. I have three years' pay to receive, besides prize-money!"

MRS. JORDAN.—As I had never heard that Miss Bland was married, I afterwards inquired of Wilkinson the cause—and he replied, "Her name?—why, God bless you my boy? I gave her her name,—I was her sponsor."—"You?"—"Yes; when she thought of going to London, she thought Miss sounded insignificant, so she asked me to advise her a name—"Why," said I, "my dear, you have crossed the water, so I'LL CALL YOU JORDAN," and by the memory of Sam! if she did'nt take my joke in earnest, and call herself Mrs. Jordan ever since."

IRISH THEATRICALS.—At the little town of Mallow, our party halted the first night; when no sooner was tea on the table than a tall, rawboned, badly-breeched, briefly skirted fellow, with a shaggy red head, aquiline nose, and goggle eyes, presented himself at the door, and informed us that he was the manager of the Mallow Theatre. Having observed our party alight at the inn, he came to request the honor of our appearance in his boxes that evening, being assured that it would not fail in producing a corresponding effect in other parts of the house. Digges, Bowles, the Kembles, and myself, agreed to adjourn there. Miss Philips was fatigued with her ride, and intended to retire early. The manager inundated us with acknowledgements,—laid his hand upon his breast and retired.

Shortly after, another visitor tapped at the door, and receiving a summons to enter, introduced his head only to our notice, from a motive of delicacy as I apprehended, his habiliments not being in a suitable state of repair. This head, however, was very singular,—it was unusually large and square, inclining to be bald, and thatched with indivisible black locks; a low forehead, high cheek bones,—the whole illumined with one eye. From a subsequent view of him, he appeared to be enveloped, rather than clothed, in a coat that buttoned up so high, and fell down so low as to dispense with the concomitants of gloves or shirt—the garment lapped round him, as a mainsail does a mast in a dead calm; but this sufficiency, however convenient, had an unpleasant appearance,—it looked like a demonstration of the doctrine of a vacuum. However, we were informed by this personage that he had lately been a member of the Mallow theatre, where he performed all the lovers and harlequins, and that he had been unjustly deprived of his situation on account of making his dramatic character practical, by playing the lover off the the stage as well as on, to a young lady who engrossed the manager's affections. Having repented of his penchant, and hearing that we were about to patronize the evening's performances, he entreated therefore the favour of our interference to procure him his reinstatement in the company.

At the first part of his declaration we expressed some surprise (namely, that he played the lover with one eye;) but when he alleged the ground of his discharge, Miss Philips very ungenerously was induced to put her hands to her sides, and shriek with laughter. To the latter part of his address, Digges, as our spokesman, very properly replied, "that being strangers to the manager, and totally disconnected with the interests of the Theatre, such an interference on our parts would be both fruitless and indecorous;" but he requested that Mr. McFarlane (our visitor) would call for any thing he pleased, and we would drink to his better fortunes.

Our amusement commenced the instant we entered the house, in listening to a conversation that was going on between the gallery and the orchestra, the latter composed of a performer on the violin and one on the big drum. "Mr. Patrick Moriarty," shouted the combiner of horsehair and catgut, "how are you, my jewel?" "Asy and impudent, Teddy O'Hoone; how are you? How's your sow?" "Mischievous and tender, like all of her sex. What tune would you plase to have, Mr. Patrick Moriarty?" Mr. Patrick was indifferent, and referred the matter to a committee of females. In the mean time Teddy began to tune up, at which another of his "divine" companions above assailed him: "Arra! Teddy O'Hoone! Teddy, you divil!"—"What do you say, Larry Kennedy?"—"Tip us a tune on your fiddle de dee, and dont stand there making that crathur squake like a hog in a holly bush.—Paddy Byrne," (to the drummer.) "What do you say, Mr. Kendedy?" "An't you a jewel, now to be seeting thare at your ase, when here's a whole cockloft full of jontlemen come to hear you thump your big bit of cow-hide on the top of a butter tub."

A popular air was at length decided on in the gallery, and a general dance ensued, as a sort of active preliminary to the amusements to come. The unfortunate fiddler however, who was ministering with great diligence to their diversion, at length broke a string, and suspended it; but they were now in a state of too high excitement to permit accidents, or inquire into causes—and the musician's sudden defalcation from duty could only be looked at in the light of a personal affront.—The gentlemen above-stairs had not brought pistols, but they had got POTATOES; and my reader can imagine how they revenged themselves. A hurricane of epithets (too delicate to be repeated,) broke from their lips, and then each saltator grasped his potatoe, and, like a skillful body of engineers, directed a discharge at the pericraniums of the "band." This active expression of their feelings was managed with such true aim and vigor, that the offender and his companion made a speedy retreat behind the curtain. The potatoes being boiled however, instead of inflicting any injury, conferred a benefit; the fiddler was enabled to POCKET the affront. A terrible uproar now ensued, and the manager was called for, who, after some delay, put his head on at the first wing, to inquire the ladies and gentlemen's wishes, fearing, as it seemed, to trust his BODY within their reach. He had then to assure them that the breaking of the string was purely accidental, and that Messrs. Thaddeus O'Hoone and Patrick Byrne were willing to come forward and make an apology. Their enthusiasm had now passed away, and the ladies and gentlemen were open to reason and benevolence. The musicians appeared, were received into favor, the curtain went up, and all was forgotten.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church.
*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

Robert N. White,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Lead Manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, No. 71 William-street, New-York.

S. J. SYLVESTER & Co.

No. 33 Baltimore-street, Baltimore, Md.
And Exchange Buildings. Pittsburgh, Pa.

MESSRS. YATES & M'INTYRE having succeeded in purchasing the grant of the Maryland State Lotteries, a scheme of Class No. 1. to be drawn in Baltimore, on Saturday, May 26th, is presented to our customers, for which we ask a consideration. Having an office as above, we shall be enabled to afford every facility to adventurers. Our friends in Ohio will perceive by the announcement in this paper, that we have been particularly successful within a fortnight, in sending prizes to Waverly, Sandyville, and Chilicothe. It was omitted to be stated, that in New-York, number six, 6 37 49, a prize of 1000 dollars was sent to Cleaveland.

It will be remembered that when $10 and upwards are remitted, postage need not be paid; but correspondents are urgently requested to send notes of as large denomination as possible; it frequently happens that the postage charge deprives us of all profit. Our friends are aware that when a package is sold, a deduction is always made from the full price, and when a certificate is ordered, the difference between the cost and warranty need only be forwarded. It is respectfully suggested to adventurers, that by ordering certificate, whether of package or loose tickets, they will save themselves much return postage—in such cases the tickets are always sealed up and held for the benefit, and subject to the order of the buyer.

☞S. J. Sylvester is regularly Licensed by the several States in which he has offices. All tickets sold by him will be paid on demand, in New-York, Pittsburgh, and by any of the Manager's Agents in the United States.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber offers for sale a superior assortment of Sportsmen's Pocket Knifes of every description in Buck Horn, Buffalo, Ivory and Pearl Handles, containing Fleams, Lancets, Screw-drivers, Gun-picks, Saws, and every other Instrument necessary for accidental use.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington*) and miniature Pocket Pistols, percussioned with guards, &c. the barrels one inch long. A select assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of Trout and River Rods, Artificial flies, Baits, Lines, &c. &c.

LEWIS,
Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New st. opposite the Wall-street church.

☞VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed at short notice. my 26

To Sportsmen.

CHEAP FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300 000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

To Sportsmen.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

Hardware & Fishing Tackle STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. HIGG,
25 Nassau St.

THE MIRROR OF TASTE,
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Treat to the Fancy.

SAMUEL O'ROURK, better known as "Young Spring," respectfully informs the gentlemen of New-York, and its vicinity that he and the celebrated pugilist, Edward Wells, will exhibit on Tuesday evening, May 29th, at the Military Hall, 193 Bowery, opposite Spring-st. where he will use every exertion for the entertainment of the audience. In addition to the above, many celebrated amateurs have tendered their assistance. Sparring to commence at 8 o'clock.

Admittance, Fifty Cents.

He will give a limited number of Gentlemen private lessons.

The papers from places where he has exhibited speak of him as a man of superior science, exceeding those who have heretofore come in contact with him. A real bumper may be expected.—*Eds.*

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

Friendship Tavern,

BY Mrs. Williams, 42 1-2 Bowery, New-York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

W. H. MAXWELL, Attorney, Counsellor at law, Conveyancer and *Commissioner* (resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusets, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the Courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments under seal to be used* or *recorded* in either of said states—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts, in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors East of Broadway.

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CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Nets—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Nettes—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FINE POCKET BOOKS.

GREAT Assortment, 170 kinds, principally for booksellers, wholesale and retail, by T. BUSSING, Manufacturer, 70 William-street.

N. B. Booksellers and dealers, who desire good articles for retailing, will find it their interest to call and examine the quality and prices of the above. At retail a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Steel-trimmed Card Cases, Pocket Books, &c. at very reasonable prices, worthy the attention of those who desire a neat and good article. m 26

S.J.Sylvester, 130 Broadway,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞Orders must be addressed in all cases to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md.,

☞Orders to insure attention must only be addressed to any of my offices.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

Yates and McIntyre's Tickets and shares are always for sale at the above offices.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Frniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

S. D. CHILDS,
Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,
NEW-YORK.

BOOTS, SHOES, & CAPS.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

3000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do second quality do do
5000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots.
5000 do do kip Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Gentlemen's calf do do
3000 do Boys' thick do do
1000 do do fine sewed do
3000 do Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes.
2000 do do sewed and pegged leather Boots.
4000 do do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.
1000 do do Lasting do do
500 do do half heeled Roans.
1000 do Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers.
2000 do do Buckskin do do
3000 do do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Misses lasting and morocco Shoes.
5000 do Children's leather, do do.

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street.

R. N. WHITE.
Engraver on Wood,
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,
130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c. payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

Bignall's Prize Office,
141 Broadway.

☞All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed a BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 141 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No. 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

New Book Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Western Merchants, that he has recently opened a Book Store on an extensive plan, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. and has made such arrangements as will enable him to sell at the lowest New-York cash prices and 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the Western country—*Eastern writing paper* and *Playing cards* in every variety.

☞RAGS in quantities taken in Exchange at the highest market price.

Orders directed to S. J. Sylvester Pittsburg Pa. will meet prompt attention.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N. Y.

N. B. All the FOREIGN and AMERICAN Periodicals can obtained at the Pittsburgh Store.

SPRING RACES.

☞The Secretaries of the different Jockey Clubs throughout the country will confer a favor on the editors of the *Spirit of the Times*, by forwarding the result of Races, at the earliest opportunity after their termination.

RACES.

THE Harpers Ferry and Bolivar Jockey Club Races will commence on Wednesday, 30th of May next, when the Club will offer a purse of $100, to be run for by three-year old colts: each horse entered, to pay the sum of $25 to be included in the above purse; two mile heats. On Thursday the 31st May, a purse of $150 three mile heats. And on Friday 1st June, a purse of $250, four mile-heats.

The above races to be governed by the rules of the Baltimore Central Course; four horses to be entered each day, or no race; free for any nag, the winning horse of each day excepted; the colts to be entered by the 1st May, and named the evening before the race. ap 25.

BALTIMORE RACES—*over the Central Course*—Spring Meeting, 1832, will commence on the last *Tuesday* in May, (29th) and continue four days.

First day—first race, (to start at 12 o'clock precisely,) a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old—mile heats—entrance, $100, half forfeit—four or more to make a race. Seven subscribers, and closed.

Second race, a post sweepstakes with colts and fillies, three years old—mile heats—entrance $200 p. p.—four or more to make a race. To close 1st May—four subscribers.

Second day, a post sweepstakes for all ages—entrance $250, p. p.—four mile heats—four or more to make a race—the proprietor to add $500. To close 1st of May—four subscribers.

Third day, proprietor's purse, $500, three mile heats—entrance, $20.

Fourth day, jocky club purse, $1000—four mile heats—entrance $25.

A Ladies Cup will also be run for—the day to fixed hereafter. J. M. SELDEN Proprietor.

It will be seen by the above, that the Post Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, $200, p. p., will close on the first of the next month. We have little doubt, but there will be five or six subscribers, and the purse, in this case not less than $1000. The Post Sweepstakes for all ages, $250 p. p., will close on the first of next month (May.) The purse in that case amounts already to $1500.

P. S. Persons subscribing will be in time, if their letter addressed to the Editor of the Sporting Magazine should bear the post mark of the 1st May.

Gloucester Campfield Races.

WILL commence on Wednesday the 30th day of May.—*First day*, a sweepstake, mile heats, for Lafayette colts—4 entries, and closed. Same day, a sweepstake, for colts and fillies not exceeding 4 years old, that have never won a race on any established course—mile heats, $50 entrance.

Second day, post stake, two mile heats, $50 entrance, free for any.

Third day, Jockey Club Purse, three mile heats money up, subject to a discount of 10 per cent. Purse $250—twenty dollars entrance to be added to the Purse.

Fourth day.—mile heats, best 3 in five, for money received at the gate—entrance $15.

GREENSBURGH CENTRAL COURSE

THE Greensburgh Jockey Club deem it advisable to inform the raisers of fine horses, that they have a coursing ground adjoining Greensburgh, which will be made an accurate mile three feet from the inner edge, and put into fine order the ensuing fall—From the central situation of the course being 110 miles from Nashville, 90 from Lexington, and 85 from Louisville, the principal racing points, it offers many advantages as a convenient place of concentration between the racers of those cities.

Understanding that there is a likelihood of being a match race made between the gentlemen of Tennessee and those of Kentucky, the Greensburgh Jockey Club recommend the above named course as a convenient place of meeting, and together with the proprietor of the course, pledge themselves it shall be made equal to any racing ground in the west.

The Club have a respectable purse for an early day in October; but in the event of the proposed race being run over their course, they will conform to any time which may suit the convenience of the parties.

Good accommodations for horses will be provided. By order of the Club.

Nashville Spring Races,

A SWEEPSTAKE race is purposed, $200 entrance—2 miles and repeat—3 year old colts—on Wednesday 30th of May.

And one for $100 entrance—one mile and repeat—3 years old—on Thursday 31st May—to close by the first day of May.

The Proprietor will put up a purse of $200, on Friday, free for all ages.

Any person wishing to enter in either Stake can do so by addressing the Proprietor, naming their sex, color and blood.

P. W. LONG.

LAWRENCEVILLE SPRING RACES

for 1832—Will commence on the last Tuesday in May, being the 29th, and continue four days—

1st. A sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies—1 mile heats for $100, half forfeit, to close 20th day of April, 3 or more to make a race—3 entered.

2nd. The Proprietor's Purse for $250—2 miles heats—entrance $15.

3rd. The Jockey Club Purse for $500, no discount—1 mile heats—entrance $20.

4th. For the surplus of the Jockey Club subscriptions—2 mile heats—entrance $30, to be added to the Purse. This Purse is supposed to be worth $250.

Stables and Litter furnished race horses gratis.

The Proprietor pledges himself to have the track in good order, and to use his best exertions to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their company.

m19 GEO. GOODWIN.

TO SPORTSMEN
OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 19 JAMES MOORE.

BEHEAN,
HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

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PEABODY & CO., Proprietors of this establishment, *import direct from London and Paris*, the most superb goods of the various descriptions named at the head of the sheet; to which they invite the attention of those who wish the best quality of goods, the whole of which are sold at the lowest advance on the importation cost. Dealers, principals of academies, and artists, supplied on liberal terms.

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Engravings. Constantly for sale, a large collection of engravings, comprising the most choice works of James Heath, Charles Heath, Finden, Landseer, Phillips, Turner, Say, Maile, Jazet, Rolls, Smith, Doo, and others of equal celebrity. Also sporting and humorous Prints, Views, Marine pieces, &c.

Stationary Articles.—Letter paper, extra glazed Bath, gilt; Bath, gilt; do. plain; large post, gilt; French, thick post, gilt; do. thin, do. Donaldson's rose, lemon, blue, and white, perfumed and gilt; Donaldson's rose and lemon, plain; Donaldson's laid, perfumed and gilt, lemon and white; fine vellum, blue and white.

Foolscap Paper, fine and ordinary.

Note paper. Bath embossed, tinted and gilt 8vo and quarto; Bath, tinted and gilt; Bath, 8vo gilt; do. quarto, gilt; Donaldson's perfumed, rose lemon, blue and white.

Perfumed note Sealing Wax, assorted colors, in boxes of 6 and 12 sticks.

Note and letter Sealing Wax, assorted colours, very fine.—Wafers, in boxes and in quantities.—Superior made Pens; Mordan's ivory and ebony Pen Holders.

Portable Pens, in boxes, plain; do. do. in white wood boxes, with painted lids.

Mordan's Portfolio pens, in boxes.

Mordan's complete Morocco writing boxes, with 100 pens, wafers, sealing wax, pencil, pen holder,

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

The new police regulations of London prohibit these little living machines from practising their ancient cry; their appearance in a professional garb, before or after certain hours, is also forbidden.—*British Mag.*

Ye abolitionists who plead
And mourn for blacks afar;
Oh! see in us a nearer need,
Home-negroes as we are.

Poor artificial Africans,
The sooty imps of time,
Who stroll—with skin no sunshine tans,
To seek another *clime!*

What sage this new decree has given,
Our freedom thus to shelve?
We must not pace the streets till seven,
Nor walk there after twelve.

'Tis hard—when all, both high and low,
May get up in the dark,
That we, poor *black-birds*, must not go
To hear the merry *lark*.

At noon—when earth looks glad and green,
And half our work is done—
Our dusky forms must not be seen,
Like blots amid the sun.

But oh! far more than this has stirred
The woes that will not sleep:
Our voices must no more be heard—
No more may say, "*wee-weep.*"

That trembling, trickling, sooty sound
Is silent in the sky;
For though our tears should wash the ground,
They say we must not *cry!*

That note which made, though still and small,
A passage through the crowd,
Is hushed;—for when *aloud* we call,
We 'er told 'tis not *allowed*.

Oh! how were we of hopes bereft
In childhood's cheerful day:
They flew away ere long—but left
Along *the flue* a-way!

We there a crooked passage find—
'Tis no uncommon fate;
For still, to dirty paths inclined,
Men rise above the *grate*.

But when the morning sun is hot,
And winds the chimney fan,
We shout and rattle round the pot,
As if it were a pan!

And then at length we take our sack!
But ah! with altered mien:
'Tis not like Falstaff's—for alack!
Our sack it makes us *lean*.

Oft as we sweep, the breeze sweeps too,
And stills our shivering tune;
A sea of tears then gushing through,
Becomes a *Black Sea* soon.

But ever as our woes abate,
We leap up with the sun,
And long for all the charms that wait
On May-day and its fun.

Yet ah! should Mr. Peel so arch
Observe us as we stray!
Alas! that mind's pervading *March*,
Should shew itself in *May!*

Soon to our welfare we must cry
Farewell, if this be true.
A dew's now within my eye,
And on my lips, *a-dieu!*

A few days since a carriage drove up to the shop of Messrs. Lucas and Co. in the Quadrant, from which alighted two middle-aged ladies, who were shown into an ante-room for the purpose of meeting some boas. Shortly after their departure, a boa valued at about seven guineas, which had been sent out by for a customer, and which had been greatly admired by the ladies, was missed. Suspicion at once alighted on the two ladies, and one of the firm having heard the coachman receive orders to drive to Highbury, the gentleman immediately hired a cab, and went in pursuit of the fashionable depredators. He was fortunate enough to come up with the carriage in the Regent's Park, when he ordered the coachman to stop, and *sans ceremonie* divested the neck of one of the ladies of the lost property. They protested that it had been taken entirely by mistake; and their entreaties were of such a nature as to induce the gentleman to take no further proceedings in the matter. The ladies were highly fashionable in attire, and the equipage was of a first rate description.—*London Courier.*

Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, who it was expected would form one of the French company now performing in London, has, it is said, intimated to the manager, that the existance of the Cholera in London not having been mentioned in the terms of her engagements, she considers the bargain null and void, and accordingly declines coming.—*Town.*

Effectual Revenge.—Two men named Carpenter and Alderson quarrelled the other day, and bad language passed between the parties. Alderson held an annuity of £30 on the life of Carpenter; and in consequence of the quarrel, Carpenter, in order to be revenged, drowned himself! This is cutting off the nose to be revenged on the face with a vengeance.—*The Parrot.*

Lord Harewood and his Hounds.—Prince Puckler Muskau, who fell in with Lord Harewood at his country-seat, gives the following description of the happy condition of his Lordship's hounds, which many of our readers will contemplate with envy;—"Just as I drove past the house, I saw the possessor, Lord Harewood, with his pack of a hundred hounds, his red-coated huntsmen, and a number of high mettled horses, coming down hill on their return from a fox-hunt. He received me with a singular courtesy. What interested me most, as being new to me, was the kennel. Here I saw 150 dogs in two perfectly clean rooms, each containing a large bed for 75 dogs. There was not the slightest offensive smell, nor the least dirt. In each yard was a tub with running water, and a man armed with a broom, whose whole business is to keep the ground continually washed, for which purpose he can let the water flow over it at pleasure. It is a great art to feed them properly. This was perfectly accomplished—and there could not be a more beautiful sight than these slender, obedient, and happy looking animals."

Hibernian Ingenuity.—An Irish rustic was once indicted for stealing some sheep from Gerald Fitz-Maurice, Esq. and pleaded his ignorance of the owner, or that they were not common property, as (he said) he found them on the Commons in the neighborhood. "What (said the Magistrate) did you not see G. F. M., the initials of the owners, name, on the sheep?" "Yes, I saw the letters; but I thought they meant Good Fat Mutton given for me."

JOE STRICKLAND'S LETTER.

Varmount Aprel 25, *ateen* 100 & 32.

Deer Mister Kurryer and Inkwerer,—I ges, iph you look pritty sharp, ule find in this letter a two-doler Kimikle bil, whitch i want u tu giv to Doktor Phoster, tu help him hetchel oald Deekon Huntington, for takin up hiz wife, kaze she was riddin in the stage a Sabberday. I kno a good minny of these oald square-toed stiff rumps. I've got an everlastin gruge agin some on um—thay du inny thing under hivin the minister tels um. Iph he siz the boy—thay'l take up the divvle un Doktor Phostur. Won ov um tride to kut up hiz shines with me wonse, but I waz a leetle tu wide awaik for him. Whin I go tu Yawk, I hiv to go smak rite thriew Kennetty kut—so won Sabberday I waz ridin thriew Infield, az stil az a kat crauls arter a mouse—un jist az i got rite aginst the meetin house, out popt oald Deekin Parsons, with a a-am book in wun hand, un a tarnal big kain in tother. Hollo! siz he—yew wiked kritter; don't yew no its Sabberday? So I put on a pritty midlin kind uv a long faise, un told him i waz goin to se my ant Nabby—may how, that marryed Dkeekon Bige-low. Wal! sez he, Dekon Bige-low or Dekon Bigel-high, you kant go ne furder not'll arter sundown, kaize ime Deekon, un skwire—ime selekt man, un keep that are tavvern, un yew must go rite strait thare, un stay awl day; yow kan git good intirtainmint fur man un beest—I told him i waz plagy glad on't for i was pritty darnd ni ha'f starvd, un so wuz the oald mair; un the only reizon i waz riddin Sabberday wux, kaise i hadnt got a singil hooter ov munny—but seein he waz so good; I told him i dient kare iph i stade awle nite—so's tu lett the oald mair git kinder filld up, iph he had good hay un otes. (I told a most darnashun awl fibed lye—kaize i had my trowses pokket stuffed full ov *Arnuls* kimikles.) By the lord Harry, iph he did'nt roal up hiz ize—like a duk in a thunder storm. What siz he—you haint got no munny. Heh! how dare yew travvel a Sabberday when yu haint got no munny tu pay the fine—we dont alow no body that haint got no munny to travvel threu this town not by no means not a Sabberday—so yu better be joggin along, but dont stop tu my house—so I stated, un when I got a leetil out ov hiz reach, i shook a roal ov Kimikles at him. Thare siz i, what du yu think ov that oald snapstrings! He throwd his big kain arter me un holler'd—O! yu wikkid varmont! iph i kou'd kitch yew, ide shake yer gizzerd out. I lade the string on tu the oald maire, und that's the last i evver seen ov Deekin Parsons. Yewer lovin friend til dith,

JOE STRICKLAND.

Original anecdote.—An old man in one of the eastern States, who was something of a hunter, as all measurably are in new settlements, went to a lawyer, to get his opinion, thinking that he might get a little of his advice without pay; the lawyer attentively heard him without replying to his questions, the hunter enquired why he was silent, the reply was "*I do not talk without a dollar.*" The cash was immediately handed him and the questions answered. In the course of conversation, the lawyer enquired if there was good sporting where he lived, he was answered in the affirmative, assuring him also that he had a good dog that was celebrated for hunting patridges; this fact the lawyer had understood, and remarked that soon she would come out there and sport a little. At the appointed day the lawyer came and started with the dog, and our hunter agreed to meet them at a certain place. The dog kept close to the lawyer; game passed, yet the dog did not notice it, The lawyer, full of vexation, arrived at the appointed spot, and began chiding the hunter, for imposing on him, as his dog would not hunt. The hunter replied, there was no imposition, but that his dog *did not hunt without his dollar!* The money was paid, and new directions were given, and he had no reason to complain of the dog's neglect the remainder of the day.—*Jerseyman.*

Bread and Cheese.—A couple of swarthy turtle-doves in Berkshire county, Mass. who lived in a most placid state of enjoyment for many years, not long since fell into a domestic broil which threatened to cut short the black-thread of their protracted happiness. Cæsar tried all the tender blanishments he possessed, and which he had practised so successfully in winning his fair one's early affections, to effect a reconciliation—but she was inexorable and heeded not his endeavors—so opening the door, he thrust her heels over head out of his house, at the same time handing her a large CHEESE, and telling her she had the whole world to get her BREAD in.

Physiognomical Traits.—Those who delight in observing the relation between the physical and moral traits of the human countenance, and those of that of animals, have remarked that Danton had the physiognomy of a mastiff, Marat that of an eagle, Mirabeau that of a lion, and Robespierre of a cat. The temperament of the last was at first melancholy, and ended in being atrabilions. He had at first a pale and dull countenance: it afterwards became yellow and livid.' The history of his temperament is a great portion of the history of his life

Memoirs Margrarine Anspach.

A clergyman in New England, nearly a century since, used to say, he could not refrain from laughing even in his study, whenever a certain occurrence in his parish came into his mind. The case was this. A member of the parish had given a piece of land for a burying place, the location of which was very disagreeable to some of the parish. The clergyman, walking out one day, met one of his deacons, who was dissatisfied with the place. After ineffectual endeavours of his minister to soften his feelings and reconcile him to the location, he made a solemn declaration that "he never would be buried *there* so long as he should *live.*" The clergyman smiling left him in his passion, and soon met with another deacon, who approved the location of the burying ground. On being informed of what his brother had said, he expressed his regret at his rashness and very seriously replied, "if it shall please God to *spare* my *life*, I will be buried *there.*"

French postillions.—They must certainly be descendants faom those persons, who so dexterously used whips at the feasts of Bacchus and Cybele. The crack of the whip at that day produced harmonious sounds according to the skill of the persons who employed them. The Tartars use long whips instead of trumpets, and with one stroke produce three different sounds, one succeeding the other. There was a famous coachman at Maestricht, who played all kinds of airs with his whip. Though the French postillions do not succeed so completely in that kind of music as he did, they make noise enough; but noise is not melody.—*More Subjects than One.*

Captain Molly.—Before the two armies, American and English, had begun the general action at Monmouth, two of the advanced batteries commenced a very severe fire against each other. As the warmth was excessive, the wife of a cannonier constantly ran to bring him water from a neighboring spring. At the moment when she started from the spring, to pass to the post of her husband, she saw him fall, and hastened to assist him; but he was dead. At the same moment she heard an officer order the cannon to be removed from its place, complaining he could not fill his post by as brave a man as had been killed. 'No,' said the intrepid Molly, fixing her eyes upon the officer, 'the cannon shall not be removed for the want of some one to serve it; since my brave husband is no more, I will use my utmost exertions to avenge his death.' The activity and courage with which she performed the office of cannonier during the action, attracted the attention of all who witnessed it, finally of Gen. Washington himself, who afterwards gave her the rank of Lieutenant, and granted her half pay during life. She wore an epaulette, and every body called her *Captain Molly.—American Anecdotes.*

WASHINGTON CITY COURSE.

The races began on Tuesday, the 16th instant, with two sweepstakes. The first, 3 mile heat,—$100 each.

Mr. Loughborough's ch. c. Ace of Diamonds, 4 years old by Rob Roy, 2 1 1
Mr. Tolston's br.c. Reform, 4 years old, by Marylander, 1 2 2
Mr. W. H. Taylor's ch. c. Tychicus, 4 years old, by Clifton, 3 3 dr'n

The course excessively deep, it having rained near to the hour of starting. A severe race—the two last heats won under the whip by scarce a length. Tychicus had the distemper—and, contrary to expectation made a good race.

Mr. Boyce's ch. c. Critic 4 years old, by Eclipse, 1 3 1
Mr. H. A. Taylor's ch.c. Half-price, 3 years old by Ratler, 3 1 3
Mr. Fairfax's ch. c. Cavalier, 3 years old, by Ratler, 2 2 2

A very severe race. Mr. Boyce's colt the favorite, was foaled on the 29th of December, and consequently had to carry the weight of a four years old. Had he been three days younger he would have carried that of a three year old.

Wednesday 2 mile heats.

Mr. Potter's b. g. Bachelor—aged, by Tuckahoe, 1 1
Mr. Seldin's ch. h. 3parrowhawk, 5 years old. by Sir Charles, 1 1
Mr. Loughborouh's ch. h. Rokeby, 5 years old, by Rob Roy, 3 2
Mr. Swearingen's ch. m. Fanny, 6 years old, by Sir Charles, 4 4

A good race—course still heavy, though materially improved.—Won cleverly—time 6m. 20s.—and 6m the second heat.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES.

Spring meeting—may, 1832.

We are indebted to Alex. Forbes, Esq. Secretary of the Club, for the following result of the late interesting races at Poughkeepsie. We were disappointed in not receiving this week a communication from a friend, on the appearance of the course, the horses, company, &c. but hope to be favored with it in season for our inside form. We possess, at least, what to the lovers of the turf is of more value—the exact time.

Tuesday, May 15.—Sweepstakes, mile heats, for $300 each, $100 forfeit: 5 entries, 4 forfeits.

Mr. Bathgate's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Expedition, entered by Mr. Tillotson, 90 lbs. 1 1
Mr. Wilkes' br. f. out of Lady Hall, by Maryland Eclipse, 87 lbs. 2 2
Mr. R. L. Stevens' c. c. out of Cinderella by American Eclipse, 90 lbs. 3 dist.*
Mr. I. Pearsall's g. f. out of Sports Mistress, by Henry, 87 lbs. 4 dist.
Mr. W. Gibbon's c. c. by De Grook's Sir Harry, dam by Duroc, 90 lbs. dist.

Time, 1st heat 1 m. 51 s.—2d heat 1 m. 51 s.—a fast race.

* Mr. Stevens' colt bolted on the second heat, and run just within a pole, and was declared distanced: he came in second.

On account of the heavy rain that immediately followed this race, the two mile purse was postponed to the next day.

Wednesday, May 16.—Society's purse $200, two mile heats.

Mr. I. P. Van Marter's b. h. Jackson, by John Richards, dam Old Honesty, by Expedition, 5 years old, 114 lbs. 1 1
Mr. A. Sherman's c. h. Dewitt Clinton, by Rattler, dam Matilda, 6 y. old, 121 lbs. 2 2
Mr. B. Badger's b. h. Independence, by John Richards, dam by Harwood, 5 years old, 11. lbs. 3 3

Time, 1st heat 3 m. 54 s.—2d heat 3 m. 54 s.

Society's purse $300, three mile heats—

Mr. J. C. Stevens' g. h. O'Kelly, full brother to Ariel, 5 years old, 114 lbs. 1 1
Mr. B. Badger's b. h. Van Sickler, by John Richards, dam by Eclipse, 5 years old, 114 lbs. 2 2
Mr. Jackson's c. m. Lady Amanda, by Henry, dam by Duroc, 4 y. old, 101 lbs. 3 dist.
Mr. Abbott's b. m. Henrietta, by Henry, dam Agnes by Sir Solomon, 5 years old, 101 lbs. dist.

Time, 1st heat 6 m. 7 s.—2d heat 6 m. 2 s.

Thursday, May 17.—Society's purse $50, with entrance money $5 each added, one mile heats.

Mr. J. Emmons's c. h. Fox, by blind Duroc, aged, 123 lbs. 1 1
Mr. A. Sherman's c. h. Dewitt Clinton 2 2
Mr. C. P. Bushes, c. m. by Childers out of Angelica by Sir Archy, 5 years old, 111 lbs. 3 dist.

Time 1st heat 1m. 52s.—2d heat 1m. 52s.

Society's purse $500, four mile heats—

Mr. J. C. Steven's bl. m. Black Maria, by Eclipse, dam Lady Lightfoot, 6 years old, 118 lbs 1 1
Mr. T. H. Forman's b. h. Uncle Sam, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 4 years old, 104 lbs. 4 2*
Mr T. Pearsall's c. m. Medora, by Rattler, dam Sports Mistress, 6 years old, 118 lbs. 5 3
Mr. Abbot's bl. h. Rising Sun, by Eclipse dam by Plato, 5 years old, 114 lbs. 3 4
Mr. J. H. Van Marter's g. m. Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy, dam Rosalind by Oscar, 4 years old, 101 lbs. 2 dr'n.

Time 1st heat 8m. 3s.—2d heat 8m. 1s.

* In the last mile of this heat Uncle Sam then running ahead, flew the track outside and run several jumps on the tan or training track, after which he came on the track and made a fine run but without being able to regain his lost place.

The track was ploughed and reformed after the races last fall, and from this cause and the rain, it was not as well calculated for making quick time, as at some former meetings.

QUARTER RACING

of the olden time.

Mr. Editor: Landsford, S. C. Sept 9, 1831.

For some years previous to the war of the revolution, quarter mile racing was the fashionable amusement in the state of North Carolina and the southern part of Virginia. Old Janus stood many years on Roanoke, propagating a beautiful, hardy, and speedy race of horses; and, as the gentlemen of fortune, in those days, were breeders of fine horses, they encouraged that kind of racing to which their stock was best adapted.

About that time, a race was run in Brunswick, Va. near the line of North Carolina, which, from a variety of circumstances, in popularity and interest rivalled the famous match of Henry and Eclipse. To insure success in that kind of racing, it required the exercise of great discretion and sound judgment; and these qualities were supposed to be possessed in an eminent degree by the gentlemen making the race.

Col. D——y, of Virginia, met Mr. J of North Carolina, (apparently by accident,) and proposed that, as short distance racing was going out of fashion, they should have one more, and for such a sum as both should remember. The terms were soon settled as follows:—to run in three months for 100 hogsheads of Petersburg inspected tobacco, p. p. a post match, (at that time called a "shake bag,"*) and to carry 160 pounds on each horse.

* "Shake bag"—a term in cockfighting, meaning the priviledge of fighting any fowl, without reference to size.

Mr. J. sent his groom and horse to the ground some days previous to that on which the race was to be decided; but did not arrive himself until that morning. On his arrival, his groom stated that Col D. had Bynum's big filly there. To this Mr. J. replied: "You must be mistaken; there is an understanding between Col. A." (who owned the big filly,) "and myself on that subject." The groom still assured his master of the truth.

At the hour of running, Austin, (the groom of Mr. J.) led Paoli to the poles, and old Ned led up Bynum's big filly, on his master's side.

Paoli was a full bred Janus, (raised by Capt. E. Haynes, of Northampton, N. C.) about 15 hands 2 inches high; of uncommon beauty, fine forehand, round barrel; apparently light for a quarter horse—his muscles finely developed, but not very heavy; with beautiful and spirited action.

The big filly was about the same height, but much heavier in all her parts—evidently possessing great strength (no slight recommendation in a race with heavy weights,) and a high reputation—having never lost a race. She was owned by Col. A. of Northampton.

Mr. J. (a man of high and honorable feeling,) so soon as he saw the big filly, rode down the track to find Col. A. whom he charged with duplicity and departure from his word. To this Col. A. replied, that by a previous promise, he was bound to let Col. D. have his mare for any match he should make; (a promise he did not recollect at the time of the arrangement with Mr. J.) and no chance had since offered to advise him of it. At this moment the brother of Mr. J. rode up, saying the Judges had taken their stands, and that his rider was now waiting his last orders. After the necessary directions, Mr. J. rode towards the ending post. Capt. Haynes managed at the starting poles.

The fame of the horses—the high reputation of the gentlemen who made the race—the great wager staked on the issue—(the main bet amounted to 147,000 lbs of tobacco,† all united to collect a large crowd. They lined the paths as a solid wall the whole distance. All eyes were turned towards the start as the riders mounted. They made two turns but did not come. At the third they passed the poles with the velocity of lightning. All was silence—not a man drew his breath—nothing was heard but the clattering of the horses. They passed with the noise and speed of a tempest—all saw that it was a close race, and that both horses and riders exerted themselves to the utmost.

Mr. J. saw as they passed, that his rider had one foot out of the stirrup, rode down, meeting his rider, he asked how that evaded. "No chance at all, sir," said Austin. "We made two turns, and could not start. I saw old Ned did not mean to start fair. The big filly was as cool as a cucumber. Paoli beguining to fret, you know, sir, we had nothing to spare. So I drew one foot, to induce Ned to think I was off my guard. Paoli was in fine motion. He locked me at the poles. Away we came—both horses did their utmost, and the loss of the stirrup has won the race."

The crowd was still silent—so close had been the contest. All felt the decision was yet doubtful. The judges met, compared notes, and finally determined Paoli had won by 23 inches.

In horses so equally matched, both in speed and condition, much depended on the management of the riders. As they turned and locked for a start, a great deal depended on the temper of the horses. The filly, cool and gentle at a start, would balk for hours without fretting. Paoli, high-spirited and fiery in his temper, in a little time would have been in no condition from fretting. This Ned knew, and was determined to avail himself of it; but was induced to abandon his plan when he supposed that he saw Austin off his guard.

It is difficult to say which was the better nag. Their position in starting, a false step in running, might have made more than the distance by which Paoli won; and both sides considered the matter so doubtful that no second match was ever proposed.

Paoli was sold a gelding, as a saddle horse, for $500—a great price in those days. His reputation precluded all hope of using him as a racer in that country.

The various modes of starting in quarter mile racing, would almost require a volume to explain them. The horses did not start at the order of the judges, but were managed by the riders or men who turned, and was a matter of much management and jockeyship.

† Tobacco notes at that time passed in Virginia and North Carolina as a circulating medium.

Turf Reg.

Extraordinary match against time.—In 1763, the Duke of Queensberry then Lord March, made a match to convey a letter a certain number of miles in a given time.—Even the most knowing ones of the day deemed the thing impossible; his lordship, however, enclosed his letter within a cricket ball, and stationing twenty young men, who were good hands at catching, in a large circle, made them throw it from one to another for the appointed period—at the expiration of which, on the ground being measured, the distance the ball had been made to travel, was found to exceed, by nearly one-fourth the stipulations of the wager.

QUICK WORK.

Mr. Editor.—As it is unusual, in the neighborhood of Richmond, for the same pack of hounds to kill a red fox before breakfast, and a grey one between breakfast and dinner, the same day, I must report the performances of my pack yesterday, (March 16th) strengthened by three fine dogs from the shores of the Potomac.

I had no idea of going out in the morning, but a little fellow reported that a fox had crossed the course field;—I whooped, (no time for horn or horse:)—eight couple rushed to me. Soon winded him; the pack crossing the field without a note. Thinks I to myself, there is no scent this morning; but Argus, on touching the woods opened, and in an instant every dog was at his speed. Mr. Beckwith, a sportsman of 70, could not be left pulling at his gill-net; he would never forgive me if he lost the sport. I found him with a mint julep just tasted. Before he was fairly mounted and away, the dogs had crossed the old falling mill-dam to the glebe. Quickly doubled on Chesnut Hill. Joy's round the creek—over the mill-dam—almost entered the mill door, and then Old Depredator was (to use the expression of my tanner,) "clamped" by Little Drummer, at the miller's truck patch. Mad Cap seemed to have an old grudge against the fox, and would not let go his hold till Tom Flood blew into his ear. It proved an old red. A few neighbors rode up, and with them Col. V. B. (in his 66th year.) Surprised at the quick work, and insisting on having more sport, Mr. B. said, "When the dogs were in the ivys, a grey fox had crossed his field to our late scene of action, and go there we must." Rock was on three legs—Ned also lame; yet as the season was near over, and the old gentleman so eager for a brush, I could not refuse.

At ten minutes after 12, Hotspur and Plunder gave notice they were off. What chance can a grey have before red fox dogs? They would not let him double, and he was run into at Nomony meeting house; old Leather Stockings (as we call the gentleman of 70,) taking the brush.

Sport. Mag. N. N.

Brilliant run with the essex hounds.

The Essex Hunting Club met on the 28th of March, and a deer was turned out in a field well chosen for the purpose, on a hill commanding a view of the country for two or three miles round. Away he went gallantly, in view of a large field of sportsmen, which was graced by the presence of several ladies who had come to see the throw-off. The morning was as fine as could be desired; ten minutes law was given, when the hounds were laid on, and away they went with a good scent at a tremendous pace, over a difficult country, for fifty-five minutes without a check, when the deer having passed some distance down a brook, the party were stopped for seven or eight minutes before the hounds could be him off again, when away they went very fast again for twenty minutes, and coming up to the deer in a small plantation, pushed him out into view. Here it was expected to find him beaten, as he had been going a racing pace the whole time; but the knowing ones, on seeing him go away again so strong, cried, "catch him who can for twenty minutes yet," and they proved to be right, for he led at a rattling pace for nearly half an hour longer when he fell exhausted before the hounds, near Castle Heningham, 51 miles from London, and it was found that the poor fellow had broken a blood vessel, and was quite dead. Thus ended a brilliant thing of nearly two hours, with only the short check I have mentioned. There was a capital field of horses and horsemen, and a greater number that looked like "doing the thing" in first rate style than is generally seen together. The pace was killing over a heavy country, with very strong fences.—*Bell's Life in London.*

RIFLE SHOOTING.

I am much pleased, writes a correspondent in the Sporting Magazine, that the subject of rifle shooting is beginning to assume a station among the sports of the day. The exercise is manly and healthful; and to those who are skilled in the art, no amusement can be more exciting and interesting. Among my acquaintance, I have known persons, on days of public amusements, to retire alone to the woods, for the purpose of enjoying the satisfaction of cutting a target to pieces with a ball. I have done so myself; and having tasted the pleasure, I cannot but applaud the man and the motive for bringing the subject before the public. Your friend "Attamaha" seems to have taken up the subject in good earnest, and like a true marksman, is anxious to impart the secret to others. I therefore wish he would favor the public with his experience, and explain what he believes to be the true science of the art. His communication in the number before me is an admirable illustration of the difficulties to a beginner to persevere. I hope, therefore, he will favor us with all the minutiæ, and further by induce others to add to our exercise that is less dangerous, and quite as attractive as any other to which a gun can be applied. I have not yet tried his mode of patching, but will do so on the first opportunity. The pasteboard patches I must, however, say are more simple.

Your Shrewsbury friend is also due to the "groove." I like better the office of the rites of hospitality, where the superiority may be decided upon the principles of competition alone.

If the decision cannot be made as proposed, I would offer another mode, which might be less expensive to the parties, and in which I have no objection to join. It is, that each party prepare a card six inches in diameter—paste in the centre a piece of white paper, the size of a half dollar; and in the presence of two friends fire twenty shots in succession. The cards to be forwarded to you, with the certificates of the friends; and he who has presented the worst card shall pay the expense of a lithograph engraving of the best card so offered. The expense of travelling and time lost will thus be saved, and it appears to me that the object may be thus accomplished.

To Printers and Publishers.

The subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes by the exertions made and now making of bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (their lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness. Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete; impressions of which can be seen on application: this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

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The Subscriber proposes to publish by subscription, the following American Feathered Game, viz:—the Grouse, Pheasant, (or Partridge,) Partridge, (or Quail,) male or female, Woodcocks and Snipes.

These drawings will be made from the birds themselves of the size of life, and colored with the greatest accuracy. They will be drawn on plates 12 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches, and characteristic scenery introduced, so as to form a beautiful picture.

It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind, is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

As the publisher has always felt an interest and pride in the sc birds, no pains will be spared to make the drawings perfect representations of the original, and as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, the drawings will be commenced, and the plates issued as they are published, to subscribers, and in separate pasteboard scrolls with covers, to prevent injury.

These five plates will constitute those birds which are the chief objects of the pursuit in the sportsman; but, as it seems desirable to introduce a *water* bird among so many land birds, the *canvass back Duck* may be added to the list, if those who subscribe to the former will authorise it.

Those who may wish to subscribe, will please send their names and addresses to the subscriber at as early a period as possible, stating whether they will take the five or six plates. Persons residing in distant towns will do well to join with some of their neighbors, as several subscriptions in one place will make it an object to form an agency there, to whom the plates may be sent, and payment made for the same.

In order to place the thing on a favorable footing and remove all difficulties from the minds of those who intend to subscribe, the publisher states, that they are at liberty to withdraw their subscriptions for the remainder of the plates, after the delivery of the first drawing, should it not equal their expectations or prove satisfactory; but failure to notify the publisher within one month after the receipto the same, will be deemed by him an assent on their part, to take the whole originally subscribed for.

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REMOVAL.

John Burdell, Dentist, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

Broadway News Room.

Four doors below Maiden lane.—The subscriber has recently opened at his establishment, 168 Broadway, an extensive Subscription News Room which it is his intention to render as useful and interesting to the public as possible, being determined to spare neither exertion nor expense to attain that end.

The room is spacious, light and airy, and there are now spread about sixty newspapers, comprising all the Literary, Political, and Commercial Papers of the City, and most of those of the principal Cities and Towns of the Union.

In addition to the above, a table will be supplied with all the Quarterly and many of the other Literary and scientific Periodicals of our country.

Orders have been sent to England for the Edinburgh Review, the London Quarterly, Blackwood's and Fraser's Magazines, and it is the intention of the proprietor to make constant and valuable additions of the most popular publications of this country and of Europe.

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Dr. I. Francis,

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N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Keuk bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautiful song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

Strings, and every article appertaining to the Music business.

Gold Balances.

Persons in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE OF REFRESHMENTS, AND READING ROOM.

The subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has met with, since his commencement. He now informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and neatly fitted up the whole of the basement story in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, *corner of Ann and Nassau streets*, in a manner which enables him to accommodate any number, and hopes by his endeavors to give satisfaction to merit a continuance of their patronage. Refreshments of all kinds excepting inebriating liquors from sun-rise to 10 o'clock in the evening.

H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m 10, 1831

BOARDING.

Village Union Tavern, corner of Greenwich Lane, Christopher-street, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs the public that the Tavern Department of the above house is stocked with the best Wines, Liquors, and Cordials, Beer, Cider, &c.; and the Boarding, which is entirely separate from the Tavern, and conducted by Mrs. Traphagen, will be found equal to any in the City.

Emigrants arriving in this City will find the above place a desirable and pleasant retreat, being out of the noise and bustle, and situated in a most thriving and flourishing neighborhood.

For the convenience of Old Countrymen, a book will be kept for the insertion of the names of those wishing employment; and every exertion will be used on the part of the subscriber in obtaining situations, and rendering such service as applicants may require. Circulars will be sent to every manufacturing town in the United States requesting employers in want of mechanics and others, to address a line, by post, to the subscriber, thereby opening a correspondence, which will eventually prove a service to the emigrant, and a benefit to the public at large.

The whole will be conducted gratuitously, and on a plan which will give general satisfaction.

European News-papers gratefully received.

N. B. Job Printing and Sign Painting neatly executed at the above place.

J. NEEDHAM.

E. WHITE AND WILLIAM HAGAR, respectfully informs the Printers of the United States, to whom they have long been individually known as established Letter Founders, that they have now formed a co-partnership in said business, and hope from their united skill, and extensive experience, to be able to give full satisfaction to all who may favor them with orders.

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